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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1934

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Boundaries of the Earth

THIRTY-two years ago Willson's *Ancient and Modern Physics* was published under the auspices of The Theosophical Society. Basing his hypothesis upon certain Hindu texts, Willson proposed an astronomical theory in harmony with the theosophical teaching concerning the "chains of globes" and the gradations or planes of cosmic substance. He suggested that the "true form" of the earth is, in a certain sense, co-extensive with the "true form" of the Cosmos. The *prakritic* or physical earth, the habitation of our bodies, is a tiny nucleus in a cell of solar ether which is in turn contained within a globe of *prana* or vital radiation, the whole being encompassed by an orb or organism, of a subtilty beyond our comprehension, the embodiment of the thought of the *Logoi*, the Divine Architects of the Universe. Thus the ultimate boundary of the earth is not the limit of the so-called physical atmosphere but the limit of space itself. We do not live on the real earth, but in it, and if we so will, we can expand our life until it participates in the life of the Cosmos.

The material and physical universe consists of four planes of matter, or four great octaves of vibration, each differentiated from the other, as in our physics *prakriti* is differentiated from ether. The material universe, the ancient physics teach, was originally pure thought, *Manasa*, the product of the spiritual planes above. This *manasic* world was differentiated, a real world. That is to say, it was given elementary substances by the union of its atoms in different sized molecules. Some of its elements combined and formed *Prana*. The *Prana* gathered and formed other worlds, *pranic* worlds. Then in the *pranic* worlds etheric worlds were formed; and finally in the etheric worlds, *prakritic* globes like the earth were formed. The earth is the centre of a *prakritic* globe revolving in ether around the sun. The sun is the centre of a solar globe of ether, revolving in *Prana* around Alcyone [the brightest star in the Pleiades]. Alcyone is the centre of a stellar globe of *Prana* revolving around the central and hidden sun of the great *manasic* globe. These four conditions of matter: *prakriti*, ether, *Prana* and *Manasa* are the earth, water, fire, air of the Ancient Metaphysics, the four elements of matter, and are present in every atom of matter. . . . In the great *manasic* globe this earth of ours is a minute village of Helios (sun) county, in the state of Alcyone. We are actually and literally

living in this *manasic* globe precisely as we live in this earth, and as in the village we are subject to all the laws of the *manasic* world, we can study them here (pp. 33-34; 49-50).

The Halo of a Planet

Modern astronomers would be well advised to adopt such a model of the Cosmos as a working hypothesis, although, given their present disposition, nothing is more unlikely to happen. It is, therefore, interesting and significant that from time to time they prove, according to their own methods, parts of Willson's theory to be true, without the least intention of doing so, without any knowledge that Willson or his theory ever existed.

For instance, Willson remarked that according to his Hindu sources the true diameter of the physical earth is about 50,000 miles. "That is to say, the true surface of the earth is the line of twenty-four-hour axial rotation; the line where gravitation and apergy exactly balance; where a moon would have to be placed to revolve once in 86,400 seconds. Within that is *prakriti;* without is ether" (pp. 8-9).

When these words were written, science was only beginning to surmise the existence of a "higher" atmosphere. During recent years, however, it has been necessary to postulate a concentric series of electric "layers" above the aerial ocean in which we live. The behaviour of "radio-waves" can only be explained by the supposition that they are reflected and bent by contact with an electro-magnetic "aura" surrounding the earth like a shell. The difficulty is to determine where the earth ends and interplanetary space begins.

In *Nature* (July 14, 1934) an expert on "wireless echoes", Professor Harry Rowe Mimno of Harvard, presents evidence of two new electric shells above the so-called F layers. The scientific editor of *The New York Times* (July 23, 1934) comments as follows upon the general subject of "this haloed earth":

> All told, we now have five [electric shells]—the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, the Appleton layer beyond that, the two new Mimno layers, and far out beyond the moon the layer first discovered by Hals and verified by Carl Stoermer. Little did Marconi suspect when he began his experiments in wireless telegraphy that he had invented a means for exploring space and visualizing an earthly atmosphere of onion-like structure. "Ionosphere", the nearer layers of this atmospheric onion are now collectively called. Although it is known only by its electric manifestations, there can be no doubt that this ionosphere is as truly part of our air as the lowermost troposphere in which we live and move, and the stratosphere. . . . Close to the surface a sapphire atmosphere flashes resplendently in the reflected light of the sun, and surrounding this are shells that shimmer electrically as the ultra-violet rays of the sun strike them with varying intensity, or as electrons hurled from sun-spots play havoc with occasional atoms in the highly rarified air. Far beyond, arches the colossal halo of electrons which Stoermer has made his special study. . . . These glowing shells that the mind's eye can see, are real.

Doubtless, they are as real as the rings of Saturn which they seem to resemble; but there are many orders of reality in the Universe, as our astronomers have yet to learn. According to ancient physics, there are four great orders of reality, four great planes of substance, in the manifested Cosmos. Also these planes and orders are said to interblend at every point, to be inseparable in

essence; they cannot be segregated in water-tight compartments. If scientists could study the ionosphere and its aura directly, and not merely by deduction from phenomena of another order, they might discover, at least in its outer confines, a critical condition of matter between its physical and astral states, a zone where the *prakritic* sphere fades into the "ether" which both surrounds and permeates it. The ionosphere, as described by science, is as obscure and as indefinite as only a formula of the highest mathematics can be. But there is reason to believe that the ionosphere, as a real entity, as a thing-in-itself, is more concrete, more solid than the physical earth which in our naïve materialism we accept as the standard of all concreteness and solidity in Nature. "When demonstrated, the four-dimensional conception of space may lead to the invention of new instruments to explore the extremely dense matter which surrounds us as a ball of pitch might surround—say, a fly, but which, in our extreme ignorance of all its properties save those we find it exercising on our earth, we yet call the *clear*, the *serene*, and the *transparent* atmosphere" (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 159).

The Reversal of the Time-Sense

If all things interblend, if space, time and form be unreal in themselves, if only the spaceless, timeless One be "the Real of the Real", it follows that all mundane science is necessarily limited and relative. All description is tentative and incomplete, omitting far more than it can possibly record. It is a truism that an object can only be seen in a given perspective from some particular point of view, and that there is an infinity of possible perspectives and of possible points of view. It is interesting to note that the *Monad* of Leibniz, the principle of individual consciousness, has been defined as a point of view from which God contemplates Himself. Certainly the relativity of human knowledge is as obvious as the blue sky, nor was Einstein the first to discover it.

However, it is possible to exaggerate and distort the meaning of relativity. A rain-drop is not an ocean, but it is just as watery as the ocean. Even the smallest fragment of truth is true. We experience the real in some degree, whenever we experience anything: how could we possibly experience anything else? Delusion only appears when we deliberately falsify the image of our experience, pretending that it is other than it is, affirming that it includes all possible aspects of reality, neglecting the testimony of other experiences which should enrich and supplement our own.

For example, there is no conceivable justification for discarding, in the name of relativity, the whole past experience of mankind, merely because it is our duty and privilege to deepen and broaden that experience. Yet that is precisely what the majority, or at least the vocal minority, of contemporary educators are preaching as an ideal. As Dean Gauss points out, modern man has reversed his time-sense. "He has emptied the past and present of significance, and he must more and more find the meaning of life in things and times outside of and for ever beyond him." But to build a future without a past is as rational as to set out on a journey from nowhere in particular to go nowhere else. What the

modern world needs as much as anything else is a big dose of Confucianism, including ancestor-worship, for that would be better than the worship of each latest fad as it comes along.

Educational Follies

As an example of this reversal of the time-sense, we quote from a report of a meeting of the National Association of Public School Business Officials (*The New York Times*, June 14, 1934).

> The social, political and economic welfare of this country is in peril because of the crisis in the educational system, the speakers said. The youth of the land is not receiving adequate training, for lack of proper supplies, the right kind of text-books and because of poorly maintained buildings, they declared. . . . Science text-books *more than ten years old* are being used in New York City schools, because there is no money for the right kind of books, Dr. Campbell [superintendent of city schools] said. He pointed out that there have been revolutionary changes in scientific knowledge in the last decade, but books that still teach outdated theories must be used. Dr. Campbell said the only ray of sunshine in the New York City situation was that conditions in other parts of the country were much worse.

The italics are ours. One ventures to ask Dr. Campbell, on behalf of the friendless taxpayer, what guarantee he can give that in ten years the text-books which he demands will not be equally outdated. There seems to be a law of cyclic return which determines the course of fads and fancies. If we keep our old hats long enough, we may be sure that they will become fashionable again. The outdated theories of science are extraordinarily like our old hats. For instance, in 1889 Lord Kelvin remarked that "the ether is the only substance we are confident of in dynamics. One thing we are sure of, and that is the reality and substantiality of the ether." To-day the ether is an "exploded superstition", because it does not fit into the most up-to-date picture-puzzles of wave-mechanics. But who knows? From Paris comes the news that Professor Carvallo pronounces the relativity theory to be false. He is supported in this heresy by Dr. Ernest Esclangon, director of the Paris Observatory, and by Dr. Dayton C. Miller of Cleveland who has made tens of thousands of observations to support his belief that an ether exists. The orthodox are unconvinced; but Dr. Campbell would be wise not to throw away his old text-books, even if some new ones be bought for him.

However, the best advice might be to throw them all away, both the old and the new. After all, is it really necessary to keep the children of New York posted in regard to all these "winds of doctrine"? If they could understand even a little—which is most unlikely—their assumption of mental superiority over their parents would be unbearable. Surely educators should do their utmost to combat one of the most popular delusions of our time,—that the most recent theory by anybody about anything must be the most correct. Every boy and girl should be told, at least once a day, that true science, the experimental knowledge of facts, must always be distinguished from the theories which men of science invent, with varying ingenuity, to explain facts.

The real point is that there can be only one legitimate object of public school education—to prepare children to become good citizens. Unless the taxpayer's money is spent for this purpose, the state or the muncipality is guilty of robbery and waste. Moreover, this rule applies equally to libraries which are supported by public funds. We are informed that the public library of a large city on the Pacific Coast has purchased five hundred copies of *Anthony Adverse!*

The Idea of Progress

The reversal of the time-sense is intimately associated with the idea of progress which has played so notable a rôle in the development of Western thought since the Renaissance. It originated as a protest against mediæval "pessimism" concerning the fall of man and his fatal tendency to degenerate continuously through the repetition of the original sin of disobedience to God. Without doubt, this protest was in itself an inevitable reaction against a too persistent emphasis upon the lower nature of the human being, as if this lower nature were the real man and the soul were devoid of divine possibilities. It is significant that the great mediæval mystics themselves reacted in this spirit, insisting upon the inner bond of union which links the spiritual part of the soul to all divine things. Unfortunately, however, the idea of progress, almost from its inception, became identified with the forces which were preparing an open revolt against everything for which the mediæval man had stood. The good, the bad and the indifferent were all classified as equally obscurantist and superstitious. In particular, war to the death was declared against the fundamental principle of mediæval thought at its best, the principle that earth-life is not an end in itself; that man is a spiritual being and his true destiny is to be discovered in the spiritual world; that all his terrestrial experiences have meaning and value only in so far as they train and prepare him for life in Heaven. Especially during the past two centuries, progress has become synonymous with the acquisition of knowledge for the purpose of creating a Utopia, a society of mortal men on earth so organized as to provide for its citizens the maximum of personal wealth, satisfaction and ease.

The Modern Era has been marked by an extraordinary acquisition of knowledge, by an expansion of physical science which has transformed the surface of the earth. However, the ideal social state is as remote as ever, remoter even, for the feudal society of the Middle Ages seems Utopian by contrast with our modern democracies and dictatorships. The reason for this is so obvious that the most materialistic of modernists are beginning to surmise it. We have, indeed, made some progress in the conquest of the brute forces of physical Nature, but there has been no corresponding advance in our conquest of the brute forces of human nature. We have paid the penalty for conceiving and planning a mode of progress which is contrary to the true principle of growth proper to man. What is that principle? In every age it has been defined. The acquisition of power and knowledge should proceed *pari passu* with the development of character and of the spiritual will. There is the obvious implication that we delude ourselves if we pretend that we are born into this world merely to enjoy ourselves as much as possible. It is wiser and safer to assume, like the mediæval doctors, that bodily

life exists for the sole purpose of forwarding the growth and progress of the soul.

Inevitably, as the idea of progress became materialized, its expressions assumed an ever-increasing vulgarity of form. During the past two centuries it has been one of the most over-worked slogans of political orators. The doctrine of organic evolution has been interpreted to mean that progress of some kind or other is inevitable, whatever we may do or not do about it. According to Karl Marx's pseudo-science, the varied forms of social organization succeed one another by means of a mechanical process as irreversible as that which caused certain fishes to transform themselves into amphibians and reptiles. We are all of us too familiar with the socialistic dogma that the collectivist state must come, whether we want it or not, and that when it arrives we shall automatically become finally and irrevocably happy.

In *The Wall St. Journal* (July 16, 1934), Thomas F. Woodlock indicates how deeply the idea of unavoidable progress towards collectivism has pervaded the nebulous field of economics. Many people, otherwise quite intelligent, have virtually abandoned the notion that the depression can end normally through the ultimate balancing of supply and demand, so obsessed are they by the fatalistic sense that the only possible outcome must be some form of social regimentation. Woodlock instances the writings of two popular American economists, Walter Lippmann and George Soule.

> These two writers represent, perhaps, our best critical thought concerning politico-economic conditions, and what they say must be reckoned with. Yet, having given to both the freest access to his mind . . . this writer is left with the feeling that neither Mr. Lippmann's "free collectivism in a representative democracy" nor Mr. Soule's class-less, profitless society is ahead of us in any period of time which it is profitable to guess. And it further seems to him that the best ground for *hope* in the future is abandonment of the great superstition of the Nineteenth Century—namely its faith in a law of "progress", automatic, inevitable and continuous, regardless of what men do to hinder and obstruct its workings. Skeptical as is Mr. Lippmann, one seems to detect more than traces of this in his writing; Mr. Soule's book almost reeks with it. Here are its concluding words: "The new society will consist of men and women in a new bond of comradeship setting forth on still another voyage to the unknown."
>
> "Comradeship?" In what new bond, must one ask? Of what material is it to be constructed?

True Progress and Sacrifice

It is a basic tenet of Theosophy, reflected in all the great religions of the world, that true progress is growth in spiritual self-consciousness, and that this growth is invariably the fruit of sacrifice. In the Mysteries it was taught that the Universe itself was created by a divine sacrifice, by the self-immolation of the gods. There can be no liberation of creative power which is not preceded by a crucifixion. As we read in *The Secret Doctrine*, the immemorial symbol of the manifested Cosmos is the Mundane Cross, denoting the transformation of abstract idea into concrete form by aspiration and effort and heroic self-transcendence. Thus the Orphic poets identified the world with the mutilated body of Dionysos; and the Hindus devised the "fable" of Vishvakarma, the Great

Architect of the World, called in the *Rig Veda*, the "all-seeing God who sacrifices himself to himself". Madame Blavatsky comments:

> The Spiritual Egos of mortals are his own essence, *one with him*, therefore. Remember that he is called Deva-vardhika, the "Builder of the Gods", and that it is he who ties the Sun, Surya, his son-in-law, on his lathe—in the exoteric allegory, but on the Svastika, in Esoteric tradition, for on Earth he is the Hierophant-Initiator—and cuts away a portion of his brightness. Vishvakarma, remember again, is the son of Yoga-siddha, i.e., the holy power of Yoga, and the fabricator of the "fiery weapon", the magic Agneyastra (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 590).

"As above, so below." The passion and death of Christ and his resurrection have a significance both cosmic and human. As the *via crucis* figures the veritable process of "Cosmogenesis", so it is the emblem of "Anthropogenesis", the birth and growth of the spiritual man. The old Egyptian ritual defined the cross as the "hard couch of him who is in spiritual travail, the act of giving birth to himself." This is the central tradition of Christianity. It signifies the only method whereby progress, in the real sense, becomes possible for the human being, who is not an automaton but a creature possessing free-will. Because the modern apostles of progress reject and scorn the Way of the Cross, they have falsified and debased the noblest of human ideals beyond recognition. The growth of the spiritual man is the reward of long travail. All excellent things, as Spinoza said, are as difficult as they are rare.

The Antiquity of Man

It may help us to realize how difficult and how rare they are, if we reflect upon the antiquity of the human race. We have been journeying so long and yet have travelled so short a distance. The so-called historical period of the past six or seven millenniums, dating back to the supposed dawn of civilization along the Nile, the Euphrates and the Indus, is a brief moment in the long life of humanity on this planet. According to the traditions recorded by Madame Blavatsky, physical man as a genus of vertebrates has existed, with relatively unchanged form, for 18,000,000 years. How many civilizations have grown and decayed during this epoch, decayed so completely that, apart from the traditions mentioned and certain myths common to many races, no vestige or memory of these past cycles persists? *The Secret Doctrine* mentions, in particular, two great continental cultures, the Lemurian and the Atlantean, the latter of which is said to have flourished during the Miocene, before it was submerged in a stupendous natural catastrophe about 850,000 years ago.

Scientists are as far as ever from admitting that civilizations, as massive and as diversified as our own, could have existed in those remote times. The hypothesis of a civilized man during the Tertiary or even during the Pleistocene is in too violent contradiction to the fashionable representation of man as an animal slowly detaching himself from the ancestral tree of the anthropoid apes. However, certain recent discoveries have obliged zoologists to date the origin of the human family much earlier even than the Miocene. We quote from the report of a discussion at the Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological

Sciences held in London (*The New York Times*, August 2, 1934). The figures suggested for the age of man approximate those in *The Secret Doctrine*.

The discovery that blood serum of Old World monkeys is more closely related to man's than to that of New World monkeys was announced to-day by Dr. Solly Zuckerman, Oxford zoologist. This announcement has bearing on the riddle of evolution, for it confirms the belief that man is enormously older than had been supposed. . . . It tends to push man's beginnings on earth far back—perhaps to the Oligocene era (estimated at more than 16,000,000 years ago). . . . Scientists have known that the anthropoid apes of the Old World, such as chimpanzees, have the same groups of blood-cells as man, and that in this respect apes differ from Old World and New World monkeys. Now Dr. Zuckerman has found the additional fact that serum proteins in the blood of Old World apes and monkeys are related to each other and to man's, but not to those of New World monkeys. Such a sharp cleavage suggests that the whole Old World group split off in incredibly distant time from a common stock, which presumably also gave birth to the New World monkeys. It also suggests, according to Dr. Zuckerman, that independent human or human-like stock branched from the apes very early in geological time.

During the past two years fragments of human remains have been discovered by Lewis Leakey in East Africa, including part of a skull which he believes to be that of *homo sapiens*, "modern man". It was found in a deposit between 200,000 and 500,000 years old, and thus there is definite paleontological evidence that human beings of our own type were contemporaries of the Piltdown and Peking races. It is no longer possible to point to the inferior anatomical characters of extinct species, like the Heidelberg and Neanderthal men, as evidence of the ascent of man from the ape, if "modern man" was in existence when these lower races appeared in Europe. It is conformable to the known facts to postulate that the Early Stone Age men of Europe were degenerate offshoots of the main stock, decadent survivors, perhaps, from the ruins of Lemuria or Atlantis. It is also evident that the latest data of paleontology in no way contradict the theosophical hypothesis that the anthropoid apes themselves are likewise, in a certain sense, degenerate men, representing "a transformation of species most directly connected with that of the human family—a bastard stock engrafted on their own stock before the final perfection of the latter" (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 278).

Early American Civilization

When we consider the length of time required for the exfoliation of the qualities of mind and heart which constitute man as he is, we shall understand more clearly why the term progress should not be lightly used. The tempo of Nature is slow, and man tries to quicken it at his peril. This impression is confirmed even by the comparatively brief record of human vicissitudes which has been preserved from the past of the race and which we call history. No civilization known to us has had an uninterrupted career of progress. In every instance, there has been a period of growth, culminating in a phase of relative glory and power, after which succeeded decadence and death, often hastened by barbarian invasions or by natural calamities of various kinds. For example, the marvellous culture of Angkor-Wat in Cambodia quite literally seems to have disappeared

instantaneously, as if the race of its builders had been decimated by some sudden pestilence. A similar abrupt end came to the pre-Columbian civilizations in the New World. They were ruthlessly annihilated by the Spaniard, and it remains to be seen whether the New World civilization which has succeeded them will ultimately be deserving of a better fate.

The New York Herald Tribune (April 29, 1934) reports an address by Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, curator of ethnology at the Brooklyn Museum, in which he referred to the debt which we owe to the Mayas and Toltecs of Guatemala and Mexico. He suggested that their culture was in many ways superior to our own, and that the discovery of America was far from being an unmixed blessing, for the untramelled exploitation of physical wealth and energy, which is so characteristic of the modern world, had its inception in the work of the Conquistadores.

> Dr. Spinden said that the most civilized peoples of the New World were most easily conquered because of the heights to which their civilization had advanced. European nations, however, which seemed to find it highly profitable to renege in ethics and fair dealing with the American natives had to pay dearly for this in the end. "In my opinion," he said, "Europe lost her opportunity to develop a genuinely high-minded civilization out of the spiritual experiences of the Middle Ages because of the extraordinary temptations to seize sudden wealth in America." . . .
>
> He said that the red man succeeded in domesticating a great many food plants which were not known in the Old World, and that this series now supplies four-sevenths of the present agricultural wealth of the United States. He then described the successive phases of Mayan civilization and spoke of the age of Quetzalcoatl, a Toltec king, who died in 1208, as the American equivalent of the age of Pericles in Greek history. "If I were called upon to list the world's greatest humans," he said, "I would certainly put Quetzalcoatl's name beside those of Confucius and Christ as a man who contributed greatly to the formation of ethics and high ideals of honour. Quetzalcoatl was the administrator of a domain ranging from New Mexico on the north to Colombia on the south. He was a priest, a philosopher, an astronomer much more skilful than any contemporary astronomer in Europe, and a cultivator of the arts."

Students of Theosophy will interpret this testimonial of a distinguished archæologist in the light of the traditions concerning the existence of an ancient centre of the Mysteries in America. This old American civilization had its dark side, however, and its ruin cannot be construed as an accidental calamity. In a letter attributed to the Master K. H., there is a direct reference to this sombre episode and to its meaning for our race.

> What do you know of America . . . before the invasion of that country by the Spaniards? Less than two centuries prior to the arrival of Cortez there was as great a "rush" towards progress among the *sub-races* of Peru and Mexico as there is now in Europe and the U. S. A. Their sub-race ended in nearly total annihilation through causes generated by itself; so will yours at the end of its cycle.

Natural Catastrophes

The drought in the West seems to have done for some Americans what nothing else could do. It has given them a dim presentiment that disasters and depressions and calamities may not be as accidental as materialists pretend them

to be; that the old nomenclature which described a natural catastrophe as an act of God may not be far from the truth. In other words, American farmers have begun to experience qualms concerning some of the things which they have been forced to do by the Department of Agriculture. Mark Sullivan writes in *The New York Herald Tribune* (August 1, 1934):

> There is an evident disposition on the part of some of the public seriously to connect the drought as an act of nature with the Administration's previous policy of plowing under cotton and killing off young pigs and sows about to bear young. The idea, crudely expressed in many quarters, is that the drought is a revenge taken by nature for a deed that showed ingratitude for nature's beneficence. In some cases, it is described as an act of God. So far has this gone that Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and others are disturbed and have taken pains to combat it. One might sympathize more with them if their defence did not take the characteristic form of accusing their political and business opponents, especially the packers, of propaganda, of circulating a superstitious slander against them. To picture either nature or God as engaged in a conscious act of vengeance, which visits itself upon the whole country, is pretty fantastic. That can be dismissed. Yet there is this to be said. The drought has the effect, on many perfectly logical minds, of calling vivid attention to the economic error involved in the destruction of plenty. To these, the destruction of food when there was hunger in the world was a mistake which now, because of the drought, takes on the dignity of tragedy.

We do not doubt that the farmers' views are often crudely expressed. It is no simple matter to prove that there is a direct connection of cause and effect between the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the drought. Nevertheless, the farmers are no more superstitious than those, "with perfectly logical minds", who affirm that natural catastrophes are invariably accidental, mechanistic, without sense or purpose. It is not as if Nature or God actually lost patience with mankind at intervals and released upon the earth a host of destructive forces. The real problem involves the relationship between human thoughts and acts, on the one hand, and on the other, the natural order of terrestrial phenomena. It has been suggested, for instance, that man influences the weather, in the sense that his states of consciousness are centres of force which continuously discharge their content of energy into the atmosphere of the earth and of the etheric and other spheres by which it is encompassed. "There is the strongest connection between the magnetism of the earth, the changes of weather and man, who is the best barometer living". Why is it unreasonable to believe that the catastrophes which visit and may destroy a civilization are, in reality, induced by the states of consciousness constituting that civilization? When man defies the divine and natural law, is it not logical to assume that his very defiance engenders a condition of congestion and strain in the greater Nature of which he is a part, as the infection of an organ sickens the whole body? A cataclysm would, then, be an act of purgation, an ejection of poison from the system of Nature, a readjustment of the terrestrial order; but it would also be the Karma of man himself, the effect of a cause of his own making. It is in accord with "ancient physics" and with a seemly humility, to regard the whole dire state of the world to-day, including the drought, as the response of Nature to our very manifest shortcomings, to the dry hardness of our hearts.

FRAGMENTS

CLOSE our ears, O Lord, to the sounds of the world, that we may hear the divine harmonies.

Close our eyes to material things, whatever seems their beauty, that we may behold the vision of thy surpassing loveliness.

Close our minds to worldly concerns, that we may understand the marvellous secrets of thy wisdom and thy law.

Close our hearts to love of self and all the phantasmagoria of outer life, that we may be flooded in the spirit of thy divine charity, and, baptized in its living waters, be purified into our lost resemblance to thee.

For our life is of the essence of thy Life, and the earth that envelops and imprisons us is but the mud in which we have long wallowed.

I perceive that the eyes which behold the heavenly beauty, alone can rightly value the beauty of the earthly; that only as we hear the heavenly music, can earthly music have true meaning and accord; that only to a mind steeped in heavenly contemplations, can the science of earth bring its real significance; and that only in the heart in love with the heavenly Loveliness, can there burn a genuine and understanding love for its own kind.

Since it is in thy Light and in thy Light alone, O Lord, that we see light, and outside that Light there is but the shadow cast by unlikeness.

CAVÉ.

DEVOTION AND UNDERSTANDING[1]

WHEN the time comes to resume our Branch meetings, one breaks the silence of the summer with a certain reluctance. We should have learned during the summer months something of what Emerson means by solitude, what Wordsworth means by the bliss of solitude, what the Oriental teachers mean by the necessity of silence, the period in which nature herself teaches the soul of the disciple. Many of us may have learned much from solitude, finding solace and delight in the long silence of the summer. There is one side of our nature which regrets the breaking of the silence, but another part of our nature admonishes us that the side of silence is but a part of ourselves; if we were to yield to it completely, to become more and more absorbed in silence and solitude, we should be yielding to an impulse of contraction in our natures; we should be growing not greater, as we should, but smaller, and should presently shrink to a vanishing point. So there is a real necessity, as Emerson points out, for society as well as for solitude. When we are alone we are not ourselves in the fullest sense. To put it in another way, there is far more in our natures than we can reach when we are alone. And, since our purpose is to realize our real selves, it follows that we must accept and obey the conditions which will give us access to more of ourselves; and society in the true sense, such a gathering as a Branch meeting, gives exactly that opportunity. There is much of us, not in ourselves but in each other; we come together to take counsel, to contribute our common experience, in obedience to the intuition that we are not really ourselves while we are separated. We are aware of a common consciousness running through us all as we join in consideration of theosophical problems,—a consciousness in no one of us alone, not complete in any one of us, complete only when we bring all our consciousness together and use it as a single light to search after the wisdom that we seek.

On the other hand, association alone, mere gathering together, will not evoke that wisdom. Most assemblies of people are no higher in consciousness than the separate persons that compose them. On the contrary, they tend to be lower; one of the saints has said that he never went into society that he did not return the worse for it. In the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, the assembly of the forty had certain defined purposes and activities in common, yet it cannot be said that the consciousness of the united band was higher, more spiritual, more universal than that of the individuals; they were worse for their meeting, the avarice and violence of each strengthening the like evils in the others.

So we come to a second truth: we reach a true self only when we are united; yet there is much of ourselves that we cannot find by this meeting only; much that we shall find only by searching above ourselves, not in the consciousness,

[1] Stenographic notes, revised by Charles Johnston, of his contribution at the opening session of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, in 1927.

the minds and hearts of each other, but in the spiritual life that is within and above us. This is where the solitude has its purpose. Silence is the way of approach to this inner consciousness. If we seek with our whole hearts, and with wisdom, this life that is above and within us, we shall begin to find many treasures. This is the door of the Kingdom in the Parable, whence the seeker brought treasures old and new. Among these treasures we should find serenity by finding a deeper self, we should find a resting place, firm ground from which we can survey life passing by as a rapid river, but not carrying us with the current; we should be aware of life as to some degree apart from ourselves, we should not be caught in the swirl of things, we should not be a leaf carried along among many leaves in the tempest; we should stand serene, poised, watching the flow of life. We should find also the treasure of humility, because we shall realize that what we generally think of as ourselves is very small and in many ways very mean, with purposes that are unworthy,—forces, wishes, desires that the better part of ourselves knows to be below our true level.

We should find aspiration; because, however deep we may sink into ourselves, however high we may rise, we are always conscious of a higher and deeper beyond. It is like climbing a mountain; each ascent gained will give you added height above the valley, and a clearer view of the peaks beyond; and, as we sink within ourselves, or rise above ourselves, our horizon constantly widens and becomes more full of life. There is the drawing power of the greater life above us, constantly increasing in strength and beauty.

We should find charity, through that deeper part of us which is truly allied to all human beings, the real heart of humanity, for the most part latent; the true humane sense, the sense of humanity as a great struggling, sinning, suffering life, of which each of us is an inseparable part; a great life which draws us by its unity of being, and by an immense compassion for the suffering which humanity perpetually inflicts on itself. Therefore, we should find charity in that sense, as a deeper understanding of the striving and darkness of all those with whom we come in contact, a charity based on the common spirit that is in us all.

Finding humility, aspiration, charity, we have begun to find the spirit of the Masters. Though we may not have recognized it, this is the source through which humility and charity and aspiration are flowing into our hearts, as the lower reaches of the river come from the well-springs high up in the mountains. And we, who are students of Theosophy, should clearly understand this. The good gifts, the perfect gifts come to us from the Father of life, the life of the Logos which is active, manifested in the Masters. As, walking on the mountain side, when one comes across a rivulet, it may be one's impulse to drink of the water, and then follow it upward to find its source, so we may, in our inner selves, refresh heart and spirit with what we can receive of the spirit of the Masters, their humility, charity, aspiration, and then follow up the stream to see whether we can find the source; whether we can come into touch with the Masters from whom wisdom, power, compassion so ceaselessly flow. If we in any measure succeed, the first proof of it will be this: that new inspiration will immediately send us back to our duties, not to dreaming or to solitude, but to our concrete

simple tasks. This, for a very plain reason: the true self in us does not consist in perceiving alone. The Self is not perception only; the Self is spiritual will quite as much as spiritual wisdom. Therefore, only in the right action of the purified will, do we find that part of ourselves which supplements the part of knowing, the part of wisdom.

So we apply ourselves to our duties. For there is always the obvious duty; if none be in sight, there is the obligation to find out what our duty is. Every hour, for each of us, there is something that ought to be done. If we are slow in finding it, the good law will generally step in and find it for us. We shall set to work, perhaps listlessly and with reluctance, if we be imperfectly inspired; but, on the other hand, with zeal and joy if we be wise, understanding this: that it is precisely the Masters' wisdom that, flowing down from above, has set us this duty, whatever it be; because our powers are symmetrical on level after level of our being, and, no matter how high a spiritual power may be, there is some quite simple power or energy in our ordinary life that corresponds to it. Counting the stars is not essentially different from counting pennies. So all our starry powers have their quite simple correspondence in our daily life, and we can only begin to arouse and evoke the higher spiritual powers by entire fidelity in using the simple powers we already possess. Therefore, the Good Law presents to us a range of simple duties which will, if we look wisely into them, give us the beginning of the exercise of all our future celestial powers. We shall find that, in many ways, in all ways, provision is made for our ultimate spiritual growth through the things of now and here; and this will grow clearer, as we realize that we are part of that immense spirit of humanity, with the tremendous burdens which it has laid on itself; with its darkness, its suffering, and its enjoyments which are often more unendurable than its sufferings. For, while failure in life has its tragedy, much of success in life is far more tragic,—much of what is esteemed to be success. Here is a potential archangel who engrosses himself in amassing real estate, of which ultimately he will be able to use only six feet. His whole heart and mind are full of it, and he is often ruthless in driving toward his goal; in reality his success is far more tragic than many a failure which may teach the man who fails splendid lessons of persistence and of courage.

So humanity bears this immense burden of its failures and successes. If we see ourselves to be an inseparable part of that humanity, we shall see that this most intimately concerns us; it is not something we can shut the door against, retiring within a cavern of solitude. The problem is inherent in our very nature. It will come in. Therefore, the Good Law is likely to put us in a position where we shall have an opportunity to try to understand our neighbour; really to understand, with the utmost charity and purity of heart, something immensely difficult always. And, if we understand in that true sense, with purity of heart and charity, we shall presently find some small ability to help. Really to help another human being is one of the hardest tasks one may undertake, a task in which one may so easily blunder and quite defeat one's end. Yet it is possible, if we make it our aim to seek, and to work out in our relations with others, not our personal aims or theirs, but the purpose of the Masters, the purpose of the

Oversoul, helping each and all so far as we can. So far, we cannot accomplish much. We are still weak and blind and stumbling, yet to some degree we may help humanity to lift that heavy burden.

These are the purposes and the tendencies of the work we seek to do, in these theosophical gatherings. The aim is, to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, and the nucleus is made up of those who are spiritually at one with the purposes of the Masters, in understanding first, and in action also; those who are at one with the spirit and purposes of the Masters, and who are carrying them out, or striving to carry them out. So we meet here with this explicit purpose: to try better to understand what the divine wisdom, as embodied in the Masters, purposes; what the goal is; what the aim is; what the barriers are; to take counsel together, each bringing his experience, his insight into life, his aspiration, so that these may be added together. We may build up a united intelligence, devotion, willingness to work, and set that power to search into this darkness of human life, to help to raise the burdens which are often borne unconsciously; for men do not realize the immense dead weight of their success.

We must have a right heart in the work, and a right understanding. Something was said in the late spring, at one of the Study Classes, to the effect that we have, in a measure, a right heart in the matter. By years of effort, we have gathered together a good deal of genuine devotion, willingness to serve, to work. We need to supplement that by deeper understanding. Mr. Judge said once that while devotion will carry the disciple to the goal, the way will be long and the journey slow. Devotion needs to be supplemented by intelligence, by wisdom, by genuine insight into life: life in general, and life in particular. Neither can be valid without the other. Therefore, it is perhaps peculiarly our purpose and our aim, in this coming session, to lay stress, not so much on the devotion we already have, but rather on the intelligence that we need to increase, luminous insight into life, in general and in particular, into universal life, and into every detail of our own lives, as the Upanishads say, down to the finger tips. We need that insight, that illumination, in all our tasks, all our duties, all our relations to others.

In the coming months, we shall seek the purposes of the Masters, the work of the Masters, the devotion and humility of the Masters; we shall seek, with ardour, with persistence, with a special sense of our need, the light of the Masters.

Study without thought is vain; thought without study is perilous.—CONFUCIUS.

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth Man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—BACON.

CHARACTER AND FATE

Let him raise himself toward the Self, let him not debase himself; for self is the friend of self, and self is the enemy of self.

Self is the friend of self for him in whom the self is conquered by the Self; but to him who is far from the Self, his own self is hostile, like an enemy.—BHAGAVAD GÎTA.

THERE is a Greek proverb, *ethos anthropoi daimon*, usually translated: "A man's character is his fate". It is attributed to Heraclitus of Ephesus, a master of words, whose sayings resemble the fragments of a Scripture, inasmuch as they stimulate the student to look within and beyond their surface meaning for their real significance.

"A man's character is his fate." The word translated as "fate" is *daimon*. In Greek mythology, the *daimons* were semi-divine beings, intermediate in dignity and power between the Gods and mankind. One class of *daimons* was supposed to preside over human destiny. Thus they were regarded as tutelary spirits, the guardian angels of humanity. We read of the *daimon* of Socrates, which spoke to him as the voice of conscience speaks to ordinary men. He accepted its injunctions as the commands of a "Higher Self". The word, *daimon*, therefore, frequently conveyed the sense of "fate", of good or bad fortune. As one obeyed or disobeyed one's *daimon* or "genius", one was rewarded or punished, the *daimon*, in this sense, being an agent of Karma. The surface meaning of Heraclitus' maxim seems to refer to this conception, suggesting that every man is judged by his own *daimon*, but that its decrees are not arbitrary. A man's destiny is determined by his character, that is, by his habitual thoughts, moods, volitions and acts. Observation and experience testify to the dominion which habit exercises over reason and good intentions. As we know, states of consciousness tend to repeat themselves. They predispose us to certain courses of action, which the average man follows almost automatically. He moves blindly towards the fate to which they lead him.

However, Heraclitus was too wise to believe that men are necessarily the slaves and victims of predispositions and habits. There is a fundamental difference between impulsion and compulsion. Undoubtedly we are impelled to do all sorts of things which we ought not to do; but we are not compelled to yield to this stimulus. We are free to obey or to disobey the commands of the *daimon*. Indeed, a little further reflection upon the connotations of this Greek word points to a deeper meaning within our proverb. According to a very ancient belief recorded by Hesiod, the souls of the heroes of the Golden Age were transformed into *daimons*, ceasing to be half-animal, half-human, and becoming half-human, half-divine. This metamorphosis was achieved by an act of self-transcendence, figured in the mystical death and resurrection of the Initiate in the Mysteries,

and when it was accomplished, the hero and his "genius" became one in consciousness, in will and desire. The hero's character was then no longer a bundle of psychic and physiological habits, a congeries of elementals. It was an embodiment of the *daimon* with whose nature he had identified himself. A man's real being is, therefore, his *daimon*. It would seem that this is the deeper meaning which Heraclitus sought to convey, but which he may not have dared enunciate too openly, for it concerned certain secrets of the Mysteries.

According to Theosophy, man continuously fashions his destiny, limiting it within the narrow confines of a semi-animal existence, or enlarging it until ultimately it becomes indistinguishable from the destiny of his true genius, his *daimon*, his Higher Self. Here and now, we are preparing the conditions of future births, as in past incarnations we prepared the conditions of this present life. In other words, at every instant of the day, for better or for worse, we are using creative powers. The forces of Nature which build and preserve the Cosmos, act in and through us, whenever we exercise imagination, desire and will; nor can we act in any way without exercising these powers. The idlest motion of a hand is first sketched on some surface of the mind. Any thought with which the mind identifies itself, returns to consciousness again and again, each time claiming a larger share of our attention.

The world judges events by the noise and commotion that they make; but the real quality and potency of an act are measured by the motive of the actor and by the intensity of his will and imagination. "Determined will is a beginning of all magical operations", said Paracelsus; "because men do not faithfully imagine and believe the result, the acts are uncertain, whereas they may be perfectly certain." Every operation of consciousness is magical, in the sense that it is a vehicle of some form of creative energy. However, few men realize the degree to which their inner sentiments actually lend force and significance to their outer undertakings. It is commonly supposed that two actions which are identical in outer appearance, must be the effects of identical causes. This supposition is not sanctioned by occult science, as the following excerpt from a Master's letter shows:

> In conformity with exact science you would define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path, and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting a pendulum in motion. We do; for we know that there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force, the other concentrates and stores it. And here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is but brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of Nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through Æons of time to come (*The Occult World*, pp. 128-129).

We are, indeed, the possessors of a magical treasure, though few realize it. We spend our patrimony recklessly, not imagining that we have a patrimony.

It is a paramount duty to become aware of the fact that the powers of consciousness are creative and that we are held responsible for their right use. The sense of responsibility is one of the attributes which theoretically distinguish man from the brutes. No individual life can be adequately conceived as an isolated phenomenon, as a thing sufficient unto itself, for it is inseparable, in essence, from the universal life of Nature. Its purpose is one with the divine purpose of cosmic manifestation. The creative energies which Nature places at man's disposal, constitute a sacred trust which he is intended to invest disinterestedly, sacrificing all personal claims to the proceeds. When the sense of responsibility is once awakened in the human heart, existence for the first time begins to reveal some purpose and direction. The smallest duty, perceived as part of a universal plan, assumes dignity and meaning.

This ideal of human responsibility is implicit in the theosophical conception of consciousness. It is a theosophical axiom, that consciousness is universal. Substance and force are inconceivable apart from consciousness, as consciousness itself is inconceivable apart from some form of substance, some mode of force. The greatest philosophers have always recognized this fundamental datum, that consciousness, force and substance constitute a triad within a unity, a "Three-in-one", three attributes of an indivisible Being. They cannot be imagined in a state of separation from one another, or from the One Being which they make manifest. It is as impossible to form a concept of such a state as it is to visualize the two faces of a coin existing independently of the coin itself.

However, although consciousness, force and substance are always associated, it is a theosophical principle that manifestation of form proceeds as a result of what has been called the descent of spirit into matter. In other words, the invisible and the subtile precede the visible and the gross; the abstract is prior to the concrete; every form exists subjectively before it exists objectively. In ordinary human terms, this signifies that every external action is an outgrowth or exfoliation of an inner state of consciousness. Always the image in the mind comes first, and the act which expresses the image follows—or, more exactly, tends to follow, for the effects of any state of consciousness may be neutralized or transmuted by the intervention of another state of consciousness which is more potent and more sustained.

These basic ideas should transform our whole view of Nature and of man's place in Nature. No one can remain unregenerate and unchanged, if he really believe that he is an undivided fragment of a living and creative Universe. He can no longer pretend that his existence is a cosmic accident, an inconsequential event.

Nevertheless, it is evident that very few really believe these things to be true. It is hard to believe in the primacy of the spirit, partly because in this age of the world the dominant tendency of thought is so materialistic that spiritual truths and values appear remote and unreal. We are children of the cycle and are bathed daily in its atmosphere. Every student of Theosophy is constantly open to suggestions, to ideas which are wholly antagonistic to the ideals of Theosophy. It is of the utmost importance that we should understand what those ideals are,

in so far as this is possible. Perhaps this undertaking may be made easier, if we contrast them with their opposites, if we examine carefully certain major differences between the theosophical and the materialistic conceptions of consciousness.

With few exceptions, biologists assume that all the processes of consciousness can be explained as after-effects of physical and chemical change. They recognize only two "realities", the organism and its environment, life and consciousness being phenomena or "epiphenomena" accompanying the interaction of the organism and the environment. This is equivalent to the assertion that we are all of us exactly what we are because we could not possibly have become anything else; that we are born with certain proclivities which inevitably respond to certain stimuli. In brief, they profess the doctrine known in philosophy as the mechanistic hypothesis, the theory that every motion in Nature is rigidly predetermined and calculable. Thus the mechanists adopt a machine as the model or symbol of the Universe and of every entity which the Universe contains. They recognize no real difference between man and a Diesel engine, admitting only that man is somewhat more complex. In fairness to the world of science, it should be noted that the mechanistic hypothesis is not universally accepted. For example, there is a disposition among physicists to recognize that motion within the atom cannot possibly be explained in ordinary mechanical terms.

However, mechanism is entrenched as strongly as ever in biology; and although it is quite impossible to classify contemporary psychologists in one category, it may be said of one group—the so-called Behaviourists and their allies—that they are even more mechanistic than the biologists. Indeed, the Behaviourists virtually refuse to acknowledge that consciousness exists, even as an "epiphenomenon", even as a "disease" to which matter is susceptible on certain very rare occasions. They wholly neglect it as a causal factor in the determination of organic action and reaction. They reveal, in clear outlines, the logical conclusion to which mechanism leads, as becomes evident if we consider what is implied by their theory of "reflexes". The following is quoted from the Magazine Section of the *New York Times*, March 11, 1934.

> In efforts to explain man, two schools of thought have been engaged in controversy for generations. "A creature set apart by a soul, by consciousness, by free will," assert the vitalists. "Bosh!" retort the mechanists; "a man is simply a physico-chemical system, like the amœba, only much more complex". . . . If man is a machine, then it ought to be possible for the biologist, when he has learned enough and made himself a good enough engineer and inventor, to become a Frankenstein and create a machine which will be without soul or spirit, but which will behave as if it were human. The attempt has already been made by about a score of scientists. A few weeks ago a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology . . . read a paper which bore the harmless and uninspiring title, "An Electro-Mechanical Analogue of the Conditioned Reflex". His contrivance could learn and forget. It consisted of nothing more than a rheostat, some switches, an ordinary incandescent lamp and wires connecting all these elements into a simple circuit. It can be animated into a semblance of "consciousness", and it can relapse into unresponsiveness. . . . The whole purpose [of such models] is to support the thesis that man is indeed an automaton—a creature that has learned to respond in definite ways to external

and internal forces, after which it acts with genuine spontaneity whenever these same forces in the proper sequence or combination play upon senses and nervous systems. . . . [The term "conditioned reflex"] brings us to the eminent Russian physiologist, Ivan P. Pavlov, founder of this new school of psychologists to whom mind, consciousness and soul are anathema when invoked to explain why we behave like human beings. A goodly part of Pavlov's life has been spent in studying dogs or, rather, the circumstances in which a dog's mouth will water when it is about to eat. As soon as a dog sees food the watering begins. It is a reflex action—something over which the animal has no control. . . . Involuntary reflexes are called unconditioned by Pavlov. There are other reflexes which are the result of training. These are Pavlov's now famous "conditioned reflexes". Consider one of Pavlov's dogs and learn just what is meant by conditioned reflexes. Pavlov rings a bell . . . when he feeds the dog. Sound and food are associated. After a time the dog's mouth drips when he hears the bell and sees the food. Finally the ringing of the bell without the presenting of any food at all brings about the same effect. The dog has learned by experience or "association", as the old-fashioned psychologists would say. But this ringing of the bell and withholding of food cannot be kept up indefinitely without affecting the dog's reflexes. Fooled often enough, his salivary glands will no longer water. His conditioned reaction is now said to be "inhibited". . . . Pavlov varies this experiment. . . . He reduces dogs to a state of hysteria by conditioning them in various conflicting ways. Thus he trained one animal to associate a bright circular patch of light with food, and an ellipse with an electrical shock. Soon there were yelps of joy at the sight of a circle and a flow of saliva, but growls of fear when the ellipse was seen. Gradually Pavlov made the ellipse resemble the circle more and more. The dog was reduced almost to a nervous wreck, unable to do more than howl and struggle.

All this is intended to prove that dogs behave like machines and that men behave like dogs. As a matter of fact, it only demonstrates one certainty, that Pavlov and his imitators are performing the work of fiends and devils. Their laboratories are torture-chambers, and their experiments upon helpless animals are even less excusable than those of the vivisectionists who at least profess humanitarian motives.

A normal unbiased person would regard the "conditioned reflex" as evidence of intelligence. He would also wonder at the involved method whereby scientists "discover" things which must have been known since the beginning of history. Years ago there was a "poem" which might have been dedicated to the "conditioned reflex", if this term had been invented at that time. There were these lines:

"Oh, how the boarders yell,
When they hear the dinner bell."

It is characteristic of the Behaviourists that they are quite incapable of imagining a hungry boarder who does not yell when he hears the dinner bell. Unfortunately, modern educational theory has been greatly influenced by their dictum that every organic action is a mechanical response to a stimulus. Through the schools and universities, with the active co-operation of the press, the doctrines of scientific materialism have entered into the consciousness of the masses. They are only understood, in so far as they re-enforce the very common assumption that happiness and well-being are wholly dependent upon physical or economic conditions. A well-known psychologist is said to have remarked that by cultivating the proper set of reflexes he could make any child a criminal. The

so-called man-in-the-street, reading such pronouncements, is encouraged to believe that he is not morally responsible for anything which he does. Moral responsibility can have no place in a "universe" where every sequence of events is wholly explicable in mechanical terms; where, in the most literal sense imaginable, every man's fate is completely pre-determined from the moment of his birth.

Theosophy does not deny the obvious fact that, in general, the movements of inorganic bodies are calculable. We can predict the periodicities of stars and of atoms, for both stars and atoms obey the same laws which the engineer consults whenever he designs a machine. Nevertheless, it is most doubtful whether a machine adequately symbolizes even that part of Nature which is usually called inanimate. As certain modern physicists are willing to admit, "sub-atomic" behaviour does not conform to any known mechanical laws. Some have dared to suggest that the Universe resembles a thought rather than a mechanism. Moreover, it would be hard to define what is really signified by these terms, "machine", "mechanism", "calculable", and so on. Doubtless, many human activities are as calculable as the revolutions of a motor. "Character is fate" for the ordinary man; he does not escape from the web of his reflexes. However, this does not mean that he cannot escape, but only that he refuses to make the necessary effort. Man behaves like a machine, whenever he allows his habits to dominate him. Like all phases of Nature, mechanism is, in the ultimate sense, a state of consciousness,—a state of *gross* consciousness, if we may accept the testimony of nuclear physics that mechanical motion is primarily a property of gross or molecular matter.

It is interesting to recall Schopenhauer's statement that if a cannon-ball were self-conscious, it would possess the inward certainty that it was free to control its movement through space, even though its trajectory can be exactly charted in advance. Metaphysically it is justifiable to postulate that the principle of all motion is "desire"; that the "desire" of the atoms of the cannon-ball to return to the earth, responding to the earth's "desire" that they should return, is so constant, so one-pointed, that it overcomes the initial impulse of any explosion.

According to Theosophy, the atom reflects the Universe; it is a microcosm of the macrocosm. It is, therefore, proper to conceive it as a symbol of Nature. However, following an ancient tradition, Theosophy most frequently symbolizes Nature by some image which is less abstract, more tangible, more obviously akin to our human life. For instance, the growth of a flower is a universal subject for mystical meditation, because it so clearly illustrates the laws which preside over all formative processes, from the creation of a Cosmos to the birth of the "spiritual man". "The spirit of Fire (or Heat) which stirs up, fructifies, and develops into concrete form everything (from its ideal prototype), which is born of WATER or primordial Earth, evolved Brahmâ. . . . The lotus flower . . . is the most graphic allegory ever made: the Universe evolving from the central Sun, the POINT, the ever-concealed germ" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 379).

No symbol of Nature can be true, unless it point to the fundamental principle that evolution is the exfoliation of a purpose, a growth from within outwards, the progressive manifestation of an "ideal prototype". In man, it is said, this embodiment of spiritual form cannot proceed without his active, intelligent co-operation. He must become aware of the presence of the *shaktis*, or creative powers, within the sphere of his being; and he must realize his responsibility for their use.

Even among the animals, there is a foreshadowing of the sense of conscious responsibility. The ruffed grouse will risk her life, when her chicks are in danger, giving them time to scurry to safety, while she faces the enemy and distracts his attention from them. She sacrifices the lower to the higher, which means, in terms of ruffed grouse ethics, her own welfare to the welfare of her brood. In man, as we know, this sacrifice can exalt the individual to the summit of divinity. It is the secret of spiritual advancement which only occurs as the effect of continuous *self-transcendence.*

As water, rained on broken ground, flows away among the mountains, so he who beholds the properties of life scattered abroad, runs hither and thither after them.

As pure water, poured into pure water, becomes one with it, thus, verily, is the Self of the silent sage, who has attained to wisdom (*Katha Upanishad*).

No materialistic hypothesis can explain why or how a man can dedicate himself to a cause, or can gladly lay down his life for a friend. Machines have excellent qualities, but deliberate self-sacrifice is not one of them. The nature of man becomes intelligible, in so far as the inner meaning of Heraclitus' maxim is understood. The human soul is, in essence, a *daimon*, akin to the race of the Gods; and true human consciousness cannot exist until the outward life of man, his character, is united, in will and purpose, with his *daimon*, his divine prototype, the principle of his veritable destiny or "fate".

STANLEY V. LADOW.

Within our mind there is a Buddha, and that Buddha within is the real Buddha. If Buddha is not to be sought within our mind then where shall we find the real Buddha? Doubt not that Buddha is within your mind, apart from which nothing can exist.—THE SUTRA OF WEI LANG.

The greater men are, the humbler they are, because they conceive of a greatness beyond attainment.—GIBSON.

GROWING THINGS

"Ah! la jolie chose qu'une feuille qui chante!"—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

IT was so long since I had seen them, that I hungered for them. Then, one day, I found myself in the midst of them, and I listened to that swelling chorus. It was early summer, and I stood once more on my mountainside, happy and at peace in that wide and tranquil solitude. Below me tree-tops stretched endlessly, a moving ocean of pale green—feathery tree-tops glistening in the sunshine as far as I could see. Above me, on the steep hillside sweeping skywards, I looked through the sun-shot leaves of swaying, swinging branches—it was like lying in deeply beryl-tinted water, when you float far under the surface and watch its gold-flecked ripples passing over you. The sunlight danced on the delicate woodland ferns at my feet, and on the tufted, thousand-coloured mosses; little gossamer-winged insects crept over and through them—how busy they were! A radiant, living green below me and beside me and above me—and sunshine over all. Not far off, in the darker shade of the trees, a great rock rose from the thick brown carpet of fallen leaves—leaves of long-dead autumns. The broad, lichen-covered sides were full of deep crevices and pockets, into which the errant winds had blown fruitful, woodland earth, and there, tiny growing things—little lives drawn from an infinite, unseen world—had sprung gallantly up to meet the day, and to pass their all-too-brief existence through a happy summertime. A sudden, soft whirring of small wings near at hand—a sleek robin watched me shyly from a neighbouring thicket. What an intruder I felt! The breeze stirred the twig on which he had lighted, and he balanced himself there merrily, but he kept a wary eye on me! From all directions came the riotous singing of birds. It was June, the month of song. Then, still another voice called—a rocky, mountain stream foamed across a clearing, tones and over-tones—fairy cadences, now high, now low, were mingled with that sound, and along the moist edge, a soft blue mist of forget-me-nots, and the flaming, vibrant orange of hawk's weed. A stalwart, yellow bee, as golden as the sunshine, sped swiftly past—he had no time for strangers. Butterflies too—black and creamy-white and a vivid, iridescent purple—countless butterflies with their palpitating, fastidious, dainty flight, so different from the headlong impetuosity of a homing bee. I looked up through the overhanging, interlacing branches of the trees, to the intense blue of the June sky. Far overhead a mountain eagle soared, supreme and lonely; high and ever higher, great powerful wings outspread and seemingly motionless—so superbly free, so splendid, so majestic is that flight! Piled-up masses of white clouds drifted slowly through the infinite blue of space, casting dark shadows on the mountainsides, trailing them across the wide valleys below—dark shadows in strange contrast to the dazzling purity of their own whiteness, yet shadows in which there lurked a wonderful, luminous transparency, if you watched them long enough. I stood

there in silent wonder. I could not tell which was more eloquent: the fathomless, pathless heavens which drew my heart out of me, or the radiant, pulsing earth which so deeply stirred the heart within me. Yet what question could there be, for were we not all one, the sun and the sun-filled skies; the birds and the trees, the flowers and the rocks—all of us together, great and small, each in his own place, one in the One Life?

We move in a world of unimaginable beauty, surrounded by mighty, living forces, and there is always the pain of knowing that we can capture no more than a fragment of the great Heart of Life, only the tiniest fraction of it—and we would possess it all. Yet, could we but *lose* ourselves in it, what need would there be to capture it? The All would then be ours. Birth and growth and death —cycles of growth with fleeting moments of ecstacy sweep over us; this seems to be the way that most of us grow. For there are sudden partings of the veil when, through an unforgettable interlude, we *know* ourselves to be one with all other radiant, growing things—how swift to pass these moments are, however! A mist has gathered, self-created, and it is with difficulty that we can again penetrate it, for our inner eyes are blinded from disuse; our inner ears are deaf to the millions of joyous voices calling to us from beyond the barriers we have raised. Alas, too many of us are aliens in a world where we should be at home. The lowliest flower that I see growing at my feet, looking up with pure-eyed simplicity, opening its tiny cup to be filled by the golden warmth of the sun, may be growing also in another and still lovelier, inner world, perhaps in some blessed, unseen garden where Masters walk in the fragrant cool of evening —its real life being there. If I had the power to see through the exquisite beauty of its outer semblance, to the still more beautiful, intangible, inner form and nature, should I not then be one step nearer to that hallowed spot or state of heart myself? So there is both pain and joy in growth.

I have an old hunchbacked gardener, a native born and bred. *He* knows and understands the language of all growing things; to him they are friends, for his whole, long, solitary life has been spent among them. He knows what they like and what they need, and no two are ever treated in the same way.

"Why, they ain't none on 'em alike", he protests. "Don't yer 'spose they knows what they wants—just the same as me and you?"

"Yes indeed", I answer. "We think they don't understand. It's *we* who don't understand."

He looks quickly up at me with those strange eyes of his—eyes which have the far-seeing look of the woodsman who has passed his life in the company of great distances, far spaces. Feeling that he has a sympathetic listener he continues:

"But yer has to *talk* onto 'em. If yer talks onto 'em when yer plants 'em, they *hears* yer—and then they grows."

"*Of course* they hear", I agree heartily. "What a pity it is that we sometimes forget to speak to them!"

"That's 'cuz we ain't *thinkin'* onto 'em"; and he adds, in a scornful tone, "it's 'cuz we ain't only thinkin' 'cept onto ourselves."

He goes on digging in the cool earth, tenderly lifting the root of a newly-transplanted vine in his mud-covered, work-coarsened hands; setting it into the carefully-prepared, water-soaked, fertilized soil—the spot which is to be its home, and where it is to grow and grow and grow, until it becomes great and strong and beautiful. He surveys it intently.

"Is yer comfortable?" I hear him asking, with deep and true solicitude. "Does yer *feel* good? There ain't narthin' pinchin' yer?"

As I watch, I fancy that he waits a short moment, listening for the whispered answer, and having received it, he presses in the earth (an art this), and the small root is happy once more in its own kindly and familiar element.

"Now *grow!*" he orders, with that peculiar tone of authority used only by one who knows (and who knows that he knows), exactly what he is about.

It is a solemn moment. This is a mystic rite, and in his own lowly degree, he seems to me to be using exactly the same tone that God must have used when, in the earliest of all Dawns, the command went forth: "Let there be Light!"

Then my old hunchback, still in humble and unconscious emulation, adds:

"And if yer *don't* grow, its yer own fault—or I don't know narthin' 'bout plantin'."

I muse. Deeply do I consider that awful moment when God gave man the terrifying power of choice—the gift of free-will; and I think of how, every day of these thousands of millions of years, since man became man, he must have heard, somewhere within himself, whispering within his own heart, those very same words:

"Now grow! And if you *will* not—can you blame Me?"

My old woodsman has inherited much of the Wisdom of the Ages, I see.

Our Master, the Wise Gardener, sets each one of us in the fruitful earth—the carefully-chosen and prepared conditions of our life, conditions best fitted to our soul's need—and he asks just this of us: that we shall grow. Then, with the infinite compassion of a Master, he gives us *time* to grow. He does not hurry and push us, if pushed we cannot be; he knows that one small shoot grows rapidly, another slowly, just as we ourselves find when, with attentive love, we watch the upward creeping of our own small vines—the ones that *we* have planted. Yesterday I noticed two slender shoots of a creeper which was of last year's planting. Side by side they were, like twins. Not wishing the wind to catch and perhaps tear them, I trained them both up against the trellis put there for their support, hoping that each would then make firm its own precarious hold. This morning when, very early, I went out to look at them, the one had wound two delicate tendrils so tightly about a cross-piece of the trellis, that I do not think anything but a knife could have got it free—at least *that* one step in the upward climb toward heaven was accomplished. The other shoot, though, as far as I could see, with exactly the same advantages of support and opportunity, was just as I had left it the night before: still trained against the lattice, but without the least evidence that it had itself begun to grapple with its new environment; there was no tightened clasp of any of its lovely, limpid-green, soft tendrils; its hold upon the outer reality of its existence, through

which it was to learn the laws of its own world, had not yet been made. No doubt that would come in time. The mystery of growth! There is seemingly no end to a contemplation of this mystery if you watch a vine from day to day; if you watch its amazing adaptability. It clambers over or around almost any obstacle, and it seems actually to leap across vacant spaces where no support is to be found. Or, if it *cannot* climb in one direction, it will turn (evidently in response to some subtile intuition, some inner guidance) and reach out in another —one more favourable to the law of its own lovely nature: its aspiration, its upward climbing. There is only one thing it cannot be—not if it is to continue to live: it cannot lose its adaptability, it may not become inflexible. It must for ever be moving forward and upward. If it hardens into rigidity, death has set in, and its ascent is ended. I have also closely watched individual leaves; I have watched their slow growth from delicate, coral-pink, baby things, up through a short childhood to full maturity. No two grow alike; no two with the same rapidity, nor, of course, do they grow to the same size. Does the quality of life-sap in them differ? Or is it a dawning individuality? Has the desire to grow, the energy seized and used, the greater or lesser inner urge, begun to show itself? Then too, all growing things have voices peculiarly their own—each after its kind. I fancy that everyone has had the experience, when walking through the fields or woods, of having his attention sharply arrested by some tiny plant or shrub. He may have been very much preoccupied by thoughts far removed from country sights or sounds, yet, suddenly, without warning, he finds himself intently examining a flower or a patch of moss, or some other lowly growing thing which, in a moment more, he would have left behind him, unnoticed. This has happened in a way which he may find difficult to explain. He knows that he did not actually *see* it—his "eyes" were too firmly fixed upon his own surging thoughts. The fact is that he has *heard* it—though this he did not know; it has called a happy greeting to him as he passed, not of necessity by means of any perfume, but because of that marvellous interlocking of the "kingdoms"—an instant of unsuspected inner awareness on the part of the wayfarer and, for the fraction of a second, the secrets of all the kingdoms of nature are open to him if he will but seize that precious moment. The voices of growing things are always with us, and, if we listen, we can hear the high, sweet piping in the early spring, as the tiny buds burst from their long winter sleep, and feel the first spring warmth. In England where the sun is kind—filtered through moist air, and thus well-tempered to little opening buds—the hedgerows are a sylvan orchestra in April and in May. The lark's note is no lovelier. On the smooth, rich brown of the short, clipped branches, the folded buds hang thick, like drops of liquid emerald, and it is a deep and wonderful experience to hear them singing as they grow. But we must pass much time alone with them, I think, or we shall not learn to hear them calling.

The Master Christ loved all growing things—how many times he spoke of them! He told us to consider the lilies of the field, and he urged us to look, to open our dull eyes and drink deep of the marvel of their beauty. He said to his disciples: "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Perhaps not all of us can be

branches—yet; but most of us can be leaves—leaves which draw their life *through* the branches and so, direct from the Vine. And even a leaf can be lovely and can sing.

There is a subtile kind of understanding between the vast, rich world of vegetation (so eagerly reaching out to us), and the hidden, inner senses of man. Poets invariably recognize this fact, and many have recorded it. In "A Ballad of Trees and the Master" (no doubt often before quoted in the QUARTERLY), Sidney Lanier showed how truly he believed in the mysterious power of growing things—that plants and trees and shrubs, quicker to feel man's need of sympathy than man is to discover theirs, may be awake and aware, when drugged or evil human hearts are tragically closed.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

How often we have been told that we can perceive no beauty of ourselves alone; that it is only because our Master is helping us to see with *his* eyes, that we have even the first glimmer of true sight! Ceaselessly, with divine prodigality, life is pouring in golden torrents over us, but too often, we hardly stop to notice it, so filled are we with our own petty concerns. With this slow and grudging response, is it not a mystery of mysteries that we ever grow at all? Yet, because of the tender pruning and staking and transplanting of the great Lodge Gardeners, we *do* grow in the midst of this beautiful and ever-new garden of Nature, where so many of the deepest lessons of life may be read—lessons which, if truly learned, may lead us at last, there where our hearts are set. Then, almost imperceptibly maybe, our inner senses will develop; gradually, as we grow, our inner eyes will begin to see the true loveliness of the hitherto invisible world which, all the long, weary while, has been lying so close to us; little by little our inner ears will begin to hear "the music of surrounding things".

WAYFARER.

FORM AND FUNCTION

IF we examine a text-book of elementary botany or zoölogy, we often discover that the material is grouped under two main headings. On the one hand is set forth a range of observations on the external features of plants and animals, on their gross structure, and on the details of tissues and cells which are revealed by microscopic study. This is the field of morphology, the field of forms and structures. The pages may, perhaps, be lavishly illustrated, since the eye catches at a glance the relations of the parts of a form-system whose description often involves many pages of difficult text, and whose imaginative reconstruction in the mind is a laborious process.

On the other hand is set forth a treatment of the organs, tissues and cells at work. The heart in rhythmical pulsation, the stomach pouring out gastric juice during digestion, the green leaf synthesizing carbon-dioxide and water into starch through the utilization of the energy of sunlight—all this material, dealing with the active or functional side of the organism, constitutes the subject matter of physiology. The pages of the physiological text carry fewer pictures than do those devoted to morphology, and such as may occur often represent some organ under its successive aspects as it performs its function. The appearance of the heart in systole and diastole, or the successive positions assumed by the drooping mimosa leaf under stimulation—such is one way in which the concept of function is made more evident to the student.

We see, therefore, that so far as the biologist deals with it, a function is really only the sequential representation of the organ, and it is clear that the more extensive the series (viz. the less the measure of the time intervals between the successive pictures), the more perfect will be the representation of the function. We understand that the time intervals have no real existence, that a function is really a continuous flow, and that the apparent intervals which separate one picture from another are only concessions to the imperfections of our photographic apparatus. This explains the popularity of the graph-curve wherein the function may be represented as a continuum.

Now it is evident that the form of an organ is adapted to the work which it performs; form and function are in tune with one another. The shape and hardness of the teeth attest their adaptation to the comminution of food, and, more than that, the incisors, canines and molars show by their respective forms that they play specific parts in the general function of mastication. All the sensory and motor organs, "the organs of perception and action", are likewise modified in consonance with the function they perform in the specific environment in which the organism finds itself. The organ is adapted to the external environment as the hand is adapted to the glove—the legs of the wading bird to deep waters, the eagle's beak to its carnivorous habits, the expanded leaf to the interception of sunlight in maximum quantity. But internal adjustments are

likewise harmonized with admirable nicety. Organs, tissues and cells are bound into co-operative wholes. Heart, lungs, brain and kidneys wait upon one another and labour for the whole of which they are parts. In the little as well as in the great, in a paramecium as in a planetary system, we discover order, design and harmonious interaction.

To the elucidation of the difficult problem of these harmonized relations of forms to functions, generations of botanists have devoted themselves: the Lamarckians offer one explanation of their origin, the Darwinians another, but no matter how modified in details by the disciples of one or another school of thought, all the scientific theories of adaptation as constituting the final admirable outcome of an evolutionary process, fail to carry conviction or to give that sense of satisfaction which allows us to pack up our scientific equipment and depart to new fields of investigation. Something seems to be wanting, and we persist in feeling that the evolutionary theories bear the same relation to the world of organic life that a man's photograph bears to the living man. May it be that science has conceived the problem too narrowly, and has sought to impose upon the organic world a fictional nature which is not its own, interpreting it in the terms of a mode of motion which applies only to mechanics?

At the very outset of its attempt to investigate the problem of adaptations, science is caught in a dilemma. Its field is the field of measurements, but the widespread adaptations in nature are not amenable to metrical study. The movement of a muscle, for instance, is accompanied by a heightened destructive metabolism in the contracting cells. The vaso-dilators bring about expansion in the blood-capillaries entering it, and a more vigorous flow of blood carries away the waste products. This is a scientific process. The moving muscles can be interpreted metrically: so many contractions per minute, so many milligrams of excreted wastes, so many microns expansion of the capillaries. But metrical description has not completely analyzed the phenomenon; there remains a residue, invisible indeed, but none the less real. Untrained thought, even, does not hesitate to aver that the capillaries expand *in order* to eliminate the wastes more rapidly. This is, of course, the teleological attitude and it is anathema to science. It attributes purpose to the nexus of activities which make up the microcosm of a muscle, and ascribes foresight to the biological functions. In a sense, popular opinion and popular tradition, though it discerns facts through a mental fog, may often see them in better balance than the specialist who has imposed some carefully delimited system upon the universality of nature. In so far as the scientist's dislike for teleology arises from impatience with superficial and turbid thinking, one can feel a certain sympathy with his attitude. The temporary elimination of naïve teleology from our minds may have a measure of heuristic value, but trouble arises when we confuse the means with the end. For teleology will not be driven out; to the undisciplined mind it constitutes no problem; to the disciplined, scientific mind it is a perpetual irritant. For who can detect purposiveness by physical instruments, and how can foreseeing be measured? So the scholar who would make of science the sole instrument of knowledge, attempts to deny teleology and to interpret its seeming

presence as an appearance only, an epiphenomenon which will one day vanish in the light of more perfect scientific comprehension. He has done away with the *deus ex machina* who once pushed the planets through space. Why should not the "entelechies" and "vital forces" and the concept of "discarnate functions" follow the other gods into the limbo of discarded superstitions? The bird builds its nest, the eggs are laid, the fledgelings hatch; the roots of trees respond to the stimulus of moisture and grow toward a water course; the bee gathers honey, stores it in the comb, and it is eaten by the colony during the winter. This alone is science—this description of visible phenomena in sequence, any one of whose terms may be expanded almost indefinitely as we trace it into subsidiary detail. And all this material is expressible in metrical terms. Mechanism is the only logical inference from the facts. The motion of material parts in time accounts alike for a running watch and a beating heart.

During the last decade a considerable breach has been made in the mechanistic defences by the philosophical holists who see in teleological relations the most fundamental distinction between mechanism and organism. Teleology, "the stone which the builders rejected, has become the head of the corner." The watch is a machine whose purpose lay in the mind of the inventor. Its parts are associated in such a way that the potential energy of the mainspring is progressively released and is conveyed to the hands through a series of interlocking wheels. The heart, on the contrary, is a complex whole whose tissues and cells are teleologically related to one another, while, at the same time, it stands in holistic relations with the other organs of the body. It carries its purpose within itself, and reveals its purpose by its function; it is self-existing, self-repairing, self-perpetuating. In a word, it is organic. The holist is willing also to extend the concept of organism to admirable lengths. When a flock of birds wheels as a unit under an inner urge, when a swarm of myxamoebae builds up a definite form under the guidance of a mysterious impulse, we have the essential hall-mark of the organism. Thus far the holists have advanced toward the comprehension of an ancient theosophic doctrine. They have obviously called in question the categorical validity of the scientific dogma. Will they, we wonder, be willing to advance another step along the pathway they have entered?

In *The Secret Doctrine* there stands a certain sentence so arresting that it has lingered in the memory of at least one student: "Life and Motion are convertible terms." One can imagine the satisfaction with which a biological mechanist might chance upon it, apply the formula of *deus inversus*, utilize it as a weapon to confound his vitalist opponents, and claim the authority of H.P.B. in support of mechanism! But what does the sentence mean? It appears to mean just what another and similar statement means: "Spirit and Matter are One." Yes, we add mentally, but not on the same plane.

Let us imagine an animal travelling from one place to another. It sees the bodies of the world just as we see them, spread out on a flat plane and under the laws of perspective. As it advances, picture follows after picture, coming out of the future and vanishing into the past. The place it left has ceased to be; it remains only as the memory of a past event. The place toward which it

moves has not yet become; it lies in the future, in the realm of anticipations. For the animal does not reason about spatial illusions as we do. Seeing is believing, and all it really sees is a temporal sequence of two-dimensional pictures. In other words, the animal mind seems to convert the third dimension of bodies into a time-sequence of two-dimensional pictures. It is difficult for us to grasp the situation immediately, because our experience of motion is involved with our own mode of time which is a different time-mode from that of the animal. We can, perhaps, enter more intimately into the world-view of an animal if we imagine ourselves speeding rapidly across the country by train. Our critical faculty for the time being is in abeyance, and we give ourselves over to the mere visual contemplation of the landscape. Marvellous things are happening. A sign board runs toward us, rotates on its axis and runs away again; a forest troops over the brow of a hill, all the trees moving forward together like soldiers on parade; a water-tower whirls dizzily as we pass it. We pull ourselves together—this is altogether too much like Alice in Wonderland—and our reason proceeds to demolish the charming illusion.

But suppose we had no reasoning power. Then, in very truth, the angles and curves of the solid world would be translated into motion in time as we moved about. Or, to put the experience into a more generalized form: Two-dimensional vision reveals the third dimension of static solids as motion in time upon a two-space background.

How, then, shall we interpret the "real" motions which occur in our own three-dimensional world and in our own time? If we reason according to analogy and according to simple relativity, we are forced to say that our time-sequence is the imperfect apprehension of a space superior to our own, and that the "real" motions which occur in our world—the movements of machines, of winds and waters, of the heavenly bodies—are imperfect apprehensions of the irregularities of solids which lie in hyperspace. We may finally conclude that motion is always and everywhere associated with a bend or an angle which carries the boundary of a body into a space-form higher than that upon which the perceptions are focussed. As the observer passes the angle, he perceives the phenomenon of motion. From this consideration it is not difficult to infer that the perpetual vibration of matter which science assigns to molecular motion, is the result of the movement of consciousness in circular paths about hyperspatial curvilinear bodies. If we think of the animal consciousness moving around a cube, we may realize also that the circuit transforms itself to its mind into a journey in time, marked by four recurrent and similar phenomena of motion. Moreover, since nothing determines the return to the point of original departure, the temporal journey may prolong itself to eternity as it circles the cube again and again. But this does not differ in kind from the recurrent cycle of the seasons, of organic life, or of *Manvantara-Pralaya.*

The mechanical movements which we have been discussing and which translate the curves of a next higher world into motions in time, all fall into that field of the metrical which science has staked out for its own province. Science measures the boundaries of the angular solid in spatial units by means of rulers

and compasses; it measures the boundaries of the angular hypersolid in temporal units by means of clocks. "Animal science" measures angular solids by means of clocks and—yes, how does it measure angular hypersolids?

We have seen that the interpretation of biological functions is a subject of violent disagreement among scientists. The holist or vitalist insists upon the reality of teleological relations, whereas the mechanist assumes that the so-called teleological relations are really obscure mechanical relations of a highly complex type. He insists, and we think rightly, that not a single objective criterion can distinguish between vital activities and mechanical actions.

But objective criteria are not the sole criteria of reality. When a phenomenon manifests the holistic and teleological character it falls into categories outside the realm of mechanics. The living thing is organism and machine in one, and it is this dual character of its nature which constitutes its central problem to the mind.

Some three paragraphs back we saw that the intelligent animal measures angular solids by means of clocks, and we asked: How does it measure angular hypersolids? The answer seems to be that the animal cannot measure angular hypersolids at all, or, if it attempts to do so, it confuses them with solids, and measures the vehicles, so to speak, through which they pass into manifestation in three-space. The irregularities of hypersolids whose sequential manifestations constitute the mechanical motions of our world, are vital phenomena to the animal. This is another way of saying that the moving bodies of our world, inorganic as well as organic, are all alive to the animal, and that their movements cannot be subjected to any kind of metrical investigation of its devising since they involve the concept of a new time, a concept which the animal does not possess.

Three sorts of relations seem to be accessible to consciousness on any plane. These are spatial relations which are investigated by means of rulers; temporal relations which are investigated by means of clocks; and teleological relations which cannot be investigated at all by metrical objective methods, but which are sensed by intuition and are amenable to logical reason.

But temporal relations *are* spatial relations. Time is but a translation of a higher space dimension, where noumenal simultaneity holds sway, into phenomenal sequence in an inferior form of space. We may, therefore, venture the bold conclusion that teleological relations are likewise spatial relations in some sort of transcendental or Platonic world. It is conceivable that these relations, whose presence constitutes our chief distinction between organism and mechanism, are relations of bodies juxtaposed to one another in a mode of space which bears the analogous relation to our own world, that the world just above our own bears to the world of the animal.

"Life and Motion are convertible terms." Motion is a phenomenon of the angle. The line, the plane, the solid, all these forms of space set bodies apart from one another and throw them into finite categories, concealing thereby their true natures as parts of a single whole. All of them mark the places where the matter of a given plane bends into another plane, where it undergoes a change of state or passes into motion. Life is a phenomenon of the borderline;

"It manifests only in the midst of duality, in the juncture and interaction of pairs of opposites."

Since, in its widest extension, the concept of holism embraces all things, we are justified no longer in setting apart as something unique, those modes of organism which we know as plants and animals, to the exclusion of the rest of the universe. The relations of teleology are universal throughout the entire scheme of nature.

We come to see, therefore, that the harmony between organ and function is founded upon an underlying identity. The physiological function is the successive presentments of the organ in time: this is the meaning which science attaches to the word "function". But in theosophical metaphysics the function is the *thing* in a far truer sense than is the assemblage of finite and changing attributes to which science applies the same term. "The eye *is* the act of vision." In that world or plane superior to our own, function becomes form, physiology becomes morphology. Abstract nouns such as "thought", "will" and "feeling", transform into verbs as they enter our world from above, and they manifest here as embodied activities of "head, heart and hand". But "up there" or "in there" they are living, holistic Beings, triple microcosms in a complex and transcendental macrocosmic Pattern which the Hindu calls *Mahat.* And it is quite possible that the spatial relations of their elements is responsible for the teleological and organic impress which we sense in the manifested world. These unimaginable relations of forms are the teleological relations of sympathy and harmony, and they constitute the key to those ecological adjustments and adaptations which constitute a standing challenge to scientific explanation. From this it follows that the active life of a world below is the dynamic rest of a world above, and that the final purpose of evolving, conscious life is not to do, but to be. In the light of this thought certain well-known sentences take on a new meaning:

"As a lamp standing in a windless place flickers not, this is remembered as the similitude of the seeker of wisdom."

"Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become the Path itself."

"When this Path is beheld . . . without moving . . . is the travelling in this road. In this Path, to whatever place one would go, that place one's own self becomes."

R.E.T.

The study of Nature is well-pleasing to God, and is akin to prayer. Learning the laws of Nature we magnify the first Inventor, the Designer of the world; and we learn to love Him, for great love of God results from great knowledge.—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

WITHOUT CENSOR

III.

THE interval of two weeks between the end of the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburgh, and the date upon which I was ordered to report at Camp Upton, was spent in New York, and was devoted in large measure to purchasing and assembling all possible articles of equipment and clothing which might be needed; various other articles were added over the ensuing weeks and months, whenever we heard of something new that we thought was essential, so that, when the time to go overseas came, we all possessed considerably more than a General Officer's allowance of personal possessions, and much of it had to be left behind. But, absorbing as all this was, it left plenty of time for more important things. There were frequent opportunities for talks with friends in the Movement, both in the city and out of town, and these talks brought vividly to mind the real purpose and meaning which lay behind this new life, strengthened resolution, increased devotion, and made it possible, in some measure at least, to catch fire all over again, and to realize that what was happening was, that the Commission which had been received from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army was being confirmed by authority still higher.

The time was over all too soon. I had acquired a Ford car, long past the bloom of youth, but still highly serviceable and with an exceptionally good engine; this car later on, at Camp Upton, was to prove invaluable, as it was the only motor equipment which the Regiment possessed for several weeks, and carried everything, from the Colonel to potatoes and ice. In order to be entirely free from any care in connection with this acquisition, and to preserve personal mobility, I engaged a young man, who was a good mechanic, to take care of the car and to drive it. He was of draft age, but for some reason had as yet received no papers or notification, and was entirely willing to put in his time at this job until his call came. I told him that I did not have the slightest idea as to where he would sleep, or how he would be fed, but he expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the arrangement, and willing to take a chance, even if he had to sleep in the Ford. I was delighted, for it gave me a means of getting about wherever and whenever I wanted, and also a body-servant of sorts, who could do things for me and save my time, leaving me free to get the lay of the land and to find out what was going on. Accordingly, on the day appointed, we embarked in the Ford, which was running like a dream, as the engine had been well tuned-up, and with my equipment in the back, we made the run of something under sixty-five miles down Long Island to Camp Upton, and I reported at the Headquarters of the Commanding General for duty.

During the first part of the trip, I had been under the constant necessity of either returning salutes, or of saluting my superiors in rank, as there were many enlisted men on the roads, and our way ran through Mineola where there was a

Camp. Saluting at that time was enough of a novelty to be enjoyable; later on, when sometimes one had to salute several hundred times a day, it ceased to be so. That, however, is not strictly true, for we had been told, in our training, the origin and purpose of the salute,—that in the days of Chivalry when a Knight, riding along the road with the visor of his helmet down, met another Knight, he raised his arm and swept his visor up, so that the object of this chance encounter might see his face, and they might talk together in gentle and perfect courtesy. Through the centuries, the purpose of the salute had been maintained, and it was to this day a mark of respect and courtesy, an acknowledgment of the tie which bound military men together, an expression and a reminder of the special qualities which they should possess in common, and of the principles to which they had dedicated themselves. To the enlisted man, it did not mean all this. To him it was an act of respect to his superior which he was bound to perform, and which he did not enjoy particularly at first, as there was no one who was bound to render a salute to him, and he felt, at the start, that it was a one-sided arrangement as far as he was concerned. The insistence upon saluting, however, in an alert and military manner, on the part of the recruit from the very first day of his enlistment, had back of it, it seemed to me, far more than was apparent. The theory of insistence upon saluting, the military reason, was that the constant performance of this act of courtesy itself made a man a good soldier, made him want to perform it, aroused in him by degrees an *esprit de corps*. All this was true. I have said that the military life, the military order, seemed, of all human institutions, to be nearest in its forms and essence to the spiritual hierarchy, to the life and order of the spiritual world. It is easy to see that this is true in respect to gradations in rank, in regard to the similarity of the qualities necessary to excel in each; it is not quite so easy to see that it holds when it comes to matters of method. Yet, here was a case in point. The spiritual order insists that if a man does not possess certain qualities, but desires to attain them, he should "act as if" he possessed them, and that then he will gradually attain them. The military order insists that if a man does not possess *esprit de corps*, and it is desirable that he should, he must "act as if" he possessed it, through promptly saluting his superiors for one thing, and that then it will come. There are other similarities in method which will suggest themselves later. This realization of the significance of the salute, both from the point of view of its military history and value, and from that of its real purpose and meaning and working in the world of inner consciousness, would itself have made it a special act, no matter how often repeated. But it came to be something much more. It became a moment of opportunity to salute voluntarily those high in the spiritual world whose commission it was that one bore; a moment of turning the heart in gratitude and reverence to them; a brief moment of contact with the source of motive and of inspiration. One liked to think that, perhaps, far down the Ray someone saw the act, and approved. Anyway, it helped. I do not mean to say that the consciousness of all this was vivid and distinct each time a salute was given or returned. Far from it. But no matter how frequent or how hurried, the act of saluting instinctively became of supreme

importance, because of what it really meant, because its constant, if automatic, performance strengthened and deepened that meaning.

Camp Upton was still in the early stages of construction when I arrived there, and it was at once clear that it would not be ready for several weeks to receive the men from the draft. An area of perhaps something over a mile in length and of over half a mile in width had been secured, and a small city of wooden frame-buildings, designed to house about fifty thousand men, was being erected. Every vestige of vegetation had been removed, the stumps of trees were being pulled up, and the air was full of sand and dust. Roads leading into the Camp had been cut through the woods, and the broad arterial roads within the Camp had been laid, but in neither case had they yet been hard-surfaced, and whenever it rained they speedily became seas of mud in which trucks and motors stuck and had to be hauled out. A slight eminence in the middle of the Camp, hardly high enough to dignify with the name of hill, was the site of Division Headquarters, and when I arrived there, only a few barracks had been erected, and those were in the immediate vicinity of Headquarters. The place was overrun with civilian labourers, and the paraphernalia of the contractors who were building the Camp was everywhere, and everywhere there was an atmosphere of bustle and confusion. The lower or southerly half of the Camp was designed to house the 77th Division, each unit being self-contained, with open spaces between the barracks for formations and drill.

Upon reporting at Division Headquarters, I had my first experience of the complete and sudden changes which can take place in the Army in war time. I have said that each infantry training company at Plattsburgh had been designed to furnish the commissioned personnel, up to the grade of field officer, for a regiment of infantry in the 77th Division; before leaving Plattsburgh we had even, at the instance of higher authority, drawn up a provisional roster of the commissioned personnel of our regiment, and I had been confidently expecting to receive an assignment to duty more or less in accordance with that plan. But a cog had slipped in the military machinery. At Plattsburgh there had been eight infantry training companies; in the 77th Division there were only four infantry regiments; consequently, twice as many infantry officers reported for duty at Camp Upton as were needed to fill the Division. The officers were assigned to duty with infantry regiments, either in the order of their arrival at the Camp, or according to some other equally hit-or-miss method, one never knew exactly how. At all events half of the Plattsburgh contingent found themselves left out, and I found myself among the number, and we were all assigned to the 152d Depot Brigade, the permanent Camp organization. There was nothing for it, at the moment, except to do as we were told. So we repaired to one of the enlisted men's barracks already erected, which we were to occupy temporarily, set up our cots, unpacked our things, found out when and where we were to eat, and sat down to talk it over.

We were in despair, which did not lessen the next day, or during succeeding days. We had confidently hoped and expected to lead men from our own city, men whose ways and characteristics we understood. We had been told so. In

what sort of an outfit should we finally find ourselves now? What was to become of us? Were we going to stay at Camp Upton for the duration of the War, drilling recruits and replacements? The next few days did nothing to relieve our gloom. There was nothing to do. Part of each day was spent in listening to lectures by Regular Army officers, or in taking tactical walks in groups in the surrounding country, working out field problems. The rest of the time we spent sitting about, watching the building of the Camp, and breathing dust. Finally, from being utterly bored, we became seriously alarmed, for orders began to come through from Division Headquarters, transferring various of our number to other Divisions and Camps as far removed as Texas. I began to wonder where I was going to end, and what, if anything, I could do about it.

One of my friends was a major of infantry, who had been one of the outstanding men at Plattsburgh in point of ability and character. I noticed that he did not seem to be particularly disturbed as to his own possible future fate; in fact, as he listened to us talk, he seemed, while sympathetic, faintly amused. I began to wonder why. Finally, one day, he called me over to his cot, and told me, under pledge of secrecy, that he had been able to arrange matters as far as he was concerned, and that he expected before long to be assigned to the command of a battalion in the Division, and asked me, provided he could further arrange it, how I should like to have one of the companies in his battalion. I told him that I should like nothing better, and we settled the matter, provisionally, then and there. But when I got away by myself, and thought it over, I realized that, while it was good, it was not good enough; I had just had an experience in regard to tentative private arrangements, and knew that higher authority could not be counted upon; I felt that I must try to do something along lines of my own, as well. The Adjutant of the 152d Depot Brigade was a Regular Army Major, and I had noticed that he seemed to be overwhelmed with a great deal of paper work, and that he was without adequate assistance. I went to him, and asked if I might be allowed to help him in any way possible in his office, saying that I had much time on my hands, that I hated to be doing nothing, and that I felt that under him I should have a fine opportunity to learn about Army paper work. This subtle flattery may have had something to do with it; at any rate, my suggestion was approved, and I was attached as assistant. I had two thoughts in the back of my head in regard to this. I knew that, once in his office, I should see any order affecting me several hours before I otherwise should,—perhaps even before he did; and that I should then have time to rush around, see my friend the Plattsburgh major, and try to change things myself at Division Headquarters, if the order were unsatisfactory. It also occurred to me that the Major, being the only Regular Army officer then assigned to the Depot Brigade, was also its commanding officer, and that possibly his long absences from his office, spent at Division Headquarters, might be accounted for by the fact that he was being consulted as to which officers should be transferred from the Depot Brigade to other Divisions when requisitions came through from the War Department, and that it would be well to keep in with him. It was several days before anything happened, other than a steady flow of orders transferring various men to

remote points. Then an order came through from Headquarters 77th Division, assigning me and seven other captains to the Ammunition Train of the Division. The Adjutant was absent. In haste, I went and found my friend the Plattsburgh major, told him about this, and asked him what he thought of it, and what an Ammunition Train was anyway. At that time, it was a brand-new unit in our Army, and no one knew anything about it. He told me, from what he knew of the Allied Armies, that in any case it was a front line unit with plenty of action; that it clearly afforded an opportunity to get into the Division. He advised me to let the order go through without protest, and said that, once I was in the Division, he and I could take up again later the plan of my going into his battalion, and perhaps arrange a transfer then. This sounded like good advice. I went back to the Depot Brigade office, and awaited the arrival of the Adjutant, and when he read me the order later on, I expressed my delight at finally getting into the Division after all, and my great regret at leaving him. I never knew whether or not he had had any part in the issuing of that order. He gave no sign whatever, and said nothing at all. But I was immensely relieved at this solution, which was so much better than it might have been. The thing clearly indicated now was to do the best work of which I was capable in the Ammunition Train, and, as time and events progressed, to keep my eyes open for possible shifts and changes. Certainly, this very brief experience had shown me that there were ways in the Army, diplomatic and otherwise, by which one could do something to avoid being side-tracked, and that unless one could give a little impetus to the march of events at the right time, without depending entirely upon favourable notice from higher up, one was going to do a good deal of waiting with problematical results.

Our status did not change for several days, for, while we were now assigned to a unit, we were still without a commanding officer, and could do nothing ourselves. Finally, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular Army appeared, hereinafter to be known as "the Colonel", who had been assigned to the command. He looked us over for a day, moved us all to another barracks where we could be together with him, and then called a meeting, at which he assigned the other captains, one after another, to the command of the different companies. He did not even look at me, and I began to think that I was out of luck again, when he finally turned to me and said, "You will be Regimental Adjutant". He told me later on, when we knew each other better, that he had picked me for that job at first sight, and that was why he had left me to the end. After having completed these heavy duties, he remarked that there did not seem to be much to do at the Camp, and that he thought he would go back to the Army and Navy Club in New York for a couple of days, and in the meanwhile to carry on. This was an easy assignment. But gradually we had our majors, and other captains and lieutenants, assigned to us; one building for enlisted men was completed in the Ammunition Train area in the extreme southern end of the Camp, into which the commissioned personnel all moved; and we set up housekeeping there while we awaited the completion of our other buildings and officers' quarters.

We watched the arrival of the draft with much interest, and not without some

trepidation, for we knew the type of some of the men whom we were about to get from the lower quarters of New York, and we were not at all sure as to what their reaction would be to involuntary induction into the military service. We were ready for possible trouble, but none came. One reason no doubt was, that at first we only received a few men in each contingent, and we had time to assimilate them and to teach them something of the rudiments of the School of the Soldier before more men arrived. The early arrivals, in their turn, thus had a feeling of slight superiority over our later acquisitions, and felt that they were to some extent in the position of being able to tell the newer men all about it, and how things were done. We were constantly hampered and held back by the failure of the camp contractors to complete our barracks. I remember very well that one of my duties as Adjutant, knowing as I did how many draft men we were to receive two days later, was to interview the chief contractor, and to insist that the work of his men should be speeded up to an extent which would ensure another building being completed in time for us to house the recruits which we were to take in. After that, I had personally to inspect the progress of the building, to be sure that there would be no failure to produce the desired results. Sometimes it looked as if it would be a close call, but somehow we always had the space we needed in time.

Some of the draft men, when they arrived, looked the picture of dejection, as if they expected to be led out before a firing-squad next morning. They had just been through emotional partings with their families; many of them, although sound, were in poor physical condition, with soft muscles, and were dreading the work; they had heard stories of rough treatment to be expected in the Army, and were fearing the worst. They had come in their old clothes, and were a rather hard and sorry looking lot. But they were resigned, and not at all truculent or aggressive. I saw personally each man as he came in, heard his qualifications, sized him up briefly, and assigned him either to Regimental Headquarters, to the Headquarters of the battalions, or to one of the companies. In this way I was able fairly quickly to build up the nucleus of an efficient Regimental Headquarters, and to get it organized and functioning in an elementary way without much delay, and this in its turn helped to speed up the company commanders in their own work of organization. I also had in mind securing for myself a good orderly—a striker, as he has always been called in the United States Army—as I knew that such an acquisition would save me a lot of work and detail in personal ways. So when a man appeared who stated that in civil life he had been second man in a house on Fifth Avenue, I felt that this was just what I had been looking for. Although he knew nothing whatever about cooking, the Tables of Organization of the Regimental Headquarters called for a cook. I therefore at once assigned him there in that capacity, and told him that his first military duty would be to learn something of the culinary art. He never did, but he assisted the other cook, and he was much pleased with the assignment, as he turned out to be a man with a constant and voracious appetite, and was grateful to me for placing him in pleasant surroundings where he could indulge it. He became a very efficient striker, and I now felt that personally I was much

better fixed than I had ever been in civil life, with a valet disguised under a military name, and with a chauffeur in the person of the youth who was driving my Ford—who, by the way, was now fed and lodged at Government expense in one of the barracks—and that I was now free from any petty concerns about personal comfort, and could devote myself whole-heartedly to work.

A few days worked a great change in the appearance of the draft men, and a few weeks caused a wonderful improvement in their morale. They shed their civilian clothes almost over night, and while some of them looked lumpy for a while in uniform, owing to misfit sizes, we had taken in a number of tailors in the draft, and they were at once put to work, with satisfactory results. Rifles, and the other equipment, were issued. The food, prepared by men who had been cooks in civil life, was good and plentiful,—much better, in fact, than that to which many of the men had been accustomed at home. Drill was at once started, and the hard work and exercise, the fresh air, and all factors working together, produced before long a great change in the morale of the men. They found that the life, instead of being hard, was easy. All that they had to do, was to do what they were told; it was not necessary to think anything out for themselves any more. A bugle got them up in the morning, and put them to bed at night; told them when they were to eat; informed them that the next formation would be in a few minutes. If they had a question, all they had to do was to ask a non-commissioned officer, and he would give them the answer (although not, perhaps, at first, until he had had a chance to ask someone else!). The men began to find themselves, to their surprise, extraordinarily happy. They began, too, to reflect this in their personal appearance and in the alert way in which they commenced to carry themselves. They were freer than they had ever been in their lives before. They liked it. Soon they became delighted with the life. By the time they had been home on leave for their first Sunday, and had had an opportunity to swell around a bit and tell family and friends all about it, they were enthusiastic. In two months it would have been impossible to pry them out of the Army.

All this is another instance of the parallel between the military life, the military order, and the spiritual hierarchy, the life and order of the spiritual world; another example of the similarity of the methods employed in each, and the similarity, relatively speaking, of the results. The aspirant for chêlaship is told, at the start, that his first duty is obedience. It is not a question for him, then, of understanding obedience. He must obey to the letter at first, and not until he does so, and has done so for some time, will he understand anything of his own lower nature, of those things in him which, until they are transmuted and changed, will keep him from understanding obedience. He starts in to obey the letter of his instructions, to do exactly as he is told, and he finds, to his utter amazement and joy, that the first result is that he is happier than he has ever been in his life before. He is free, because he has surrendered his will to the divine will. He sees the way out of old, and present, inner problems. Gratitude and devotion well up within his heart. He is more sensible than ever before of contact with the spiritual world, of further reaches of wisdom and love and power

which it is open to him to contact as he is able. It is the reward which the "upstairs people" seem invariably to give to a wholehearted initial effort, in order to lend encouragement, to give stimulus to that necessarily long-continued, further inner effort in which periods of dryness, of iciness, will inevitably occur. Perhaps, too, it is their way of showing the gratitude which they must feel, the joy which it must be to them, that one more soul has turned at last to the Light. But, be that as it may, the result produced in the aspirant for chêlaship when he first surrenders his will to the divine will, is identical, relatively speaking, with the result produced in the soldier when he starts to surrender his will in obedience to his military superiors, to military discipline. They both become free. With the aspirant, there is increased consciousness of the breadth and power of the spiritual world. With the soldier, there is the beginning of an *esprit de corps*. With them both there is the desire, not to rest content in the satisfaction of the present, but to do something more about it; to make use of this new exuberance of feeling in further effort.

Some of the men from the draft were conscientious objectors. In most cases these men were dealt with by their company commanders, and proved open to persuasion. Some of the more obdurate we got rid of, in various ways, later on. Usually the conscientious objector was a passive individual, negative, who was hounded successfully by his non-commissioned officers into doing what he should do, in the intervals between his interviews with his captain. Sometimes, however, he united with his conscientious objections other still more disagreeable and aggressive qualities, and gave a great deal of trouble. One such case, which was having very disruptive effects, was brought finally to my attention by the Regimental Sergeant-Major, who in a burst of confidence expressed the opinion that the only thing which would do that particular man any good was a thorough beating-up. In my most military manner I at once directed the Sergeant-Major's attention to the fact that anything of that kind was expressly prohibited by Army Regulations, even in war time; that if that was the only way in which we could maintain discipline, we should never have any at all; and that, anyway, if such a thing took place, and if it were ever discovered, severe punishment would be awarded to all of the participants. I stopped, and looked fixedly at the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and allowed my face to relax slightly. I saw a gleam of comprehension, and of hope, in his eye. He saluted, and left me. The treatment given must have been thorough; certainly it was efficacious, for that particular objector became later one of our best non-commissioned officers.

But there were other more complex cases. We received in the draft a man who had formerly been a Lieutenant in the Austrian Army, and I assigned him temporarily to Headquarters, because of his experience, while his case was being considered. One afternoon I was drilling the Headquarters Company, and gave a wrong command. The Austrian saw the mistake at once, and as he was a pivot man, on whom the carrying out of the movement depended, he simply marked time and waited. As soon as I saw this, I realized my mistake, and changed the command. After the drill was over, I sent for him, and told him that I wanted to talk with him as man to man and to sit down, and I asked him how

he felt about serving in the Army of the United States against the Central Powers. He replied with entire frankness, and I believed him, that he had been an American citizen sufficiently long for his sympathies to be entirely with us, and that he had no feeling about fighting against Austria, but that he had nine uncles and cousins, some of them officers, in the Austrian Army, and that he did object to fighting against his own flesh and blood. He realized that we might possibly later on have Austrian Divisions opposite us, and felt that, even in an Ammunition Train, he would be to all intents and purposes in a combat unit as far as his relatives were concerned. He was a splendid fellow. I liked him, and felt that he was telling the plain truth, and that there was no ulterior motive behind what he said. I consulted the Colonel, who accepted my statement, and felt that in the circumstances, and on general principles as well, as far as our men were concerned, it would be better to have him transferred. This was arranged informally with Division Headquarters, and the Austrian went to the Base Hospital at Camp Upton as an orderly, a job which he must have thoroughly hated, but which in all probability kept him there for the duration of the War.

As time went on, and the regiment became filled to strength, we were struck with the great number of men with German names which we had on our roster, and the same was true of the other units in the Division. It was not to be wondered at, in view of the large German element in the population of New York. But it began to give Division Headquarters some uneasiness, which transmitted itself to us. How many of these men with German names had in them the elements of disloyalty? How would this disloyalty express itself, once we had taken them overseas? Was it expressing itself already, perhaps, in the dissemination of information to enemy agents in regard to the training of the Division? The thing to do was to find out. In addition to my other duties, I was Regimental Intelligence Officer, which simply meant that there was the beginning of an attempt on the part of the War Department, to extend the functioning of the Intelligence Section of the General Staff down to and including regimental units in the newly formed divisions. I conferred with the Colonel, and, with his approval, and with the help of one other captain and of the Regimental Sergeant-Major—only we four were in the secret—developed something which could hardly be dignified with the name of a counter-espionage organization, but which was, nevertheless, based to some extent upon that principle. We picked out two of the best soldiers in each company, who were obviously thorough-going Americans, and who, as far as we could judge, had their heads tightly set on their shoulders, and could keep their mouths shut; in one company, in which the number of German names on the roster was larger than usual, we picked four men. Word was transmitted to all of these men, through methods evolved by the Regimental Sergeant-Major, to come separately after dark to the back of the officers' quarters, and to ask for me, and to say nothing about it beforehand to anyone. I saw them each in turn, and explained to them the problem, and what was expected of them. Their duties were to keep their eyes and ears open for any acts or utterances on the part of the other men in their company which verged on the disloyal, which seemed to show sympathy for the Central Powers.

In the event that they ran into anything of this sort, they were to restrain their natural feelings of indignation and anger, and were to do and say nothing at the time. Little by little, however, they were to become friendly with the man whom they suspected, they were to lead him on and draw him out, so working things that he would express himself with greater freedom with them until, perhaps, he would commit himself without reserve. If, in order to verify an impression, it seemed desirable to see something of the home life and former environment of a man under suspicion, it would always be possible, on some pretext or another, to arrange for a pass to New York for them, for the same Sunday as the soldier under observation. They were to report to me from time to time, or whenever anything special came up, in the same manner. No one of these men knew that any other man had the same duties. None of the company commanders knew of this work which was going on within their own companies. Our agents themselves took hold with enthusiasm, and were very keen to clean things up. Checking and following up reports, and advising the men, took a good deal of time. Nothing approaching the dissemination of military information was ever discovered, perhaps because, at that stage in the game, there was not much to disseminate. Most of the men with German names proved to be entirely loyal American citizens. But there were some who, it was clear, were essentially disloyal at heart, and who did not hesitate so to express themselves when they thought this safe. We finally were in possession of a list of twenty or twenty-five names, all of them possible trouble-makers later on, whom we resolved to get rid of at the earliest possible opportunity.

My heart and attention were still largely focussed upon the men of our organization themselves, and I inclined especially to the work which involved direct contact with them. In spite of the interest which the duties of even a minor staff officer possessed, I had never recovered from the disappointment of not having an infantry company of my own, for the welfare and the performance of which I was solely responsible. Nothing more had been heard from my friend, the Plattsburgh major, in regard to a transfer to his battalion, and I could see, from what I knew of his organization, that this was not going to be possible after all, which added to my feeling of disappointment. My Colonel dissolved this feeling of mine, to some extent, in a conversation one day, in which he asked me how I liked my job. It was impossible not to give him a look into my mind, and when he saw what was there, he said,—"I don't see why you hold on to that idea. You wanted a company of two hundred and fifty men to look out for, and I have given you, as an Adjutant, a whole regiment, to say nothing of the officers." He went on to explain, however, that at the rate at which promotions were then being made, he would be a full Colonel before many months, when he would undoubtedly be given an infantry regiment, and that it was his intention then to ask for the transfer and promotion, at the same time, of two other captains and myself, and to make us his three battalion commanders.

This conversation did a good deal towards dispelling my lingering feeling of disappointment, and finally had the effect of stimulating me all over again. If any such suggestion as the Colonel had made should work out, it would be all

right. Then, too, his point about the officers was a good one; as a battalion commander I should have a number of them under me, and the experience which I was gaining in my present duties as Adjutant, in handling other officers by tact and diplomacy and through the cultivation of good personal relations, instead of through invoking the higher authority which was vested in me as the Colonel's right-hand man and issuing orders, was going to stand me in good stead later on. But it was not until I had examined things in terms of inner growth and development, in terms of progress in spiritual ways, that I really saw the light. How many times in the past, in terms of the inner life, had I seen other people hold fast to some true experience, to some real motive, unwilling to let it go, grasping it firmly like an orange that has been squeezed dry, long after all possible stimulus and meaning had, for the moment, been extracted from it. When a similar experience recurred, higher on the spiral, there would again always be in it for them further purpose and significance; but, for the present, they had impeded their inner advance, they had hindered their growth in all real ways, by their unwillingness to let go of something which had served its temporary purpose, because of their own preconceived ideas as to its importance and desirability. How many times had I done the same thing! Now, apparently, I was doing it all over again. Mobility, the ability to move forward, the power to advance, was essential in the inner life. Clearly, it was essential in the military life as well; and not alone in terms of strategy and tactics, but in the daily living of the soldier. He must not hold fast to preconceived ideas as to what he wants, or wanted, to do. He must move forward, strengthening himself, rounding himself out, at all possible points, so that he becomes ready for whatever form of responsibility the future may hold. To keep moving, that was the thing: to let go of anything which prevented this, once it had proved devoid of immediate value. When I had first joined the Theosophical Movement, I had been given work to do, as I have already said, among "down and out" men at a Rescue Mission. Little by little, I had been given work with individuals upon a different status, with other and more difficult and complex problems than were to be found among those men. The point had been reached at which to continue to the same extent my activity at that Mission, would have impeded my progress, impaired my effort, in what was opening up before me as an increased opportunity. Clearly, there was a parallel between all this and the way in which I had been clinging to the thought of commanding an infantry company. To forget about the infantry company; that was the thing. But not to forget, as I apparently had been doing, that there was for me a further point of supreme importance. My commission, I felt, was not only in the Army of the United States, but was, in a sense, from those Elder Brothers who were directing the Movement itself. I was trying, in a certain way, to act as if I were under their orders. If that was the case, was it likely that things were going to happen entirely by accident, as far as I was concerned? I thought that in all probability they were not going to do so, and faced forward again.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

LIFE'S GREATEST CHEMICAL

THERE is a line from a record of inner experience: "Slow, slow are my steps, oft times I halt by the way, and oft turn back: be not weary, O Lord, of waiting for one who follows Thee not with equal step." It is the cry of a man (Luis de Granada) who advanced far toward his goal—and a cry which must awaken a response in the heart of anyone who, striving for an ideal, finds himself continually faced by the disheartening discrepancy between his vision and his attainment, continually impeded by his own inherent characteristics, the thing he has made of himself in the past. How did such a man as this Spaniard meet the common but seemingly insurmountable difficulty, and achieve his end?

Recent newspapers and journals have made frequent reference to chlorophyll, the green material of plants, and the years of work which certain noted chemists have devoted to its study. Its close relation to the red colouring matter of the blood has been commented on, with the supposition that the latter was derived from this plant element, ages ago. Because of its power to act chemically on certain other elements, converting them into food, reserve food, and structural materials, the suggestion is made that it is life's greatest organic chemical, "for it has made possible life, as we know it, on this earth". The correspondence involved between fundamental processes in plant chemistry and animal chemistry, suggests a chemistry of a higher kind, with various familiar instances of one element converting another: the effect of one person's determined optimism upon a group of people enveloped in gloom; the effect of a single quiet will upon a crowd in a panic—all the evidences which we meet daily of a human chemistry above that of mere animal existence. Presumably there is a "chemistry" of each of the higher planes, including that of the spirit. What is the element here, corresponding to the chlorophyll of plants, which catalyzes associated elements into a higher life-substance? As if in answer, there is the statement from the book already mentioned:

> The will is the unitive faculty. . . . Through the work of the will the soul issues from itself, passes to the object of its love, and, leaving its own being, takes that of the beloved. . . . Since love draws the will after it, and she, being mistress of the other faculties, draws them with her likewise, it follows that the beloved becomes lord over the lover, and the lover is transformed into the beloved (*Pedro Malón de Chaide*).

These two Spaniards, and a number of others quoted in the several volumes on Spanish mysticism by E. Allison Peers, lived in an age more intent than ours on the things of spirit, and more clearly aware than are most men to-day of where to search for that which "has made possible life on this earth". To many QUARTERLY readers they are long familiar, but in that case they may come now, it is hoped, as old and welcome friends. Great in love of the ideal, and great in their attainment of it, the experience of these men is of value to all who are

striving toward an ideal,—and who is not striving toward *some* ideal, except those who, like Lot's wife, have looked back and become fixed in a perpetual adolescence?

To the fact that love is the transforming agent, and the secret of real achievement, real life, they bear abundant testimony. "By love", writes one (Francisco de Osuna), "we are drawn out from ourselves and placed within that which we love: love enters the most secret place of all, while knowledge remains without among the creatures."

> So great and so rare is the power of love, that I must needs be even as is the object of my love, and according to that at which I arrive by love. There is nought that joins or adheres in as lasting a fashion as love, which joins and unites us with the Beloved in such a way as to transform the lover into the object of his love. Love is nought but a mutual and unitive virtue. . . . Since the property of love is to absorb, convert and transform the lover into the Beloved, or into the thing loved, if the will love chiefly things of the earth, it becomes as earth; earthly it becomes and earthly is its love; and if it love mortal things, mortal and human is its will; if it love angels, it becomes angelic; if it love Thee, our Lord and God, it becomes divine" (*Diego de Estella*).

These last lines, with their reference to the varying forms which the ideal may and does take, call to mind the fact that not everyone, as yet, is striving for the angelic or the divine. That need not turn us aside, however, from the experience of those who are. Their ideal may not be the same as ours, their terminology, with (in this instance) its mediæval Christian flavour, may be foreign and uncongenial to us. Yet whatever the ideal, in the preliminary stages the method of attainment is the same. It may jar on our love of comfort to have discipline emphasized, or to hear that the first requisite is complete resignation to the will of God, and an "emptying out of self",—yet we have each experienced on our own lower plane, the counterpart of that. Who has ever made any *real* achievement, without first accepting completely the laws of the condition he aimed to achieve, and throwing aside at least momentarily everything in himself which went counter to them? To translate into familiar terms, or into a form applicable to our own present stage, is a matter of no great difficulty. And if we seek points of likeness first, we shall almost certainly progress, step by step, to ease in extracting the kernel from even the least inviting outer shell. Furthermore, the universal testimony is that as we attain to one ideal, we glimpse a higher one beyond, little by little realizing that there is in fact but *one Ideal*, of which our present vision is a small facet, and that, Buddhist or Christian or Mohammedan though the source may be, and whether the highest Good be seen as God, or the Master, or the Beloved,—the Master Soul is indeed one.

Three degrees of love are recognized by these Spanish mystics. The first is our love for our own selves; the second, love of the Ideal for ourselves; the third, love of all things, for the Ideal alone. To the possible objection that we are not capable of such an ascent, they reply:

> If thou saidst thou couldst not fast, nor take the discipline, nor wear rough clothing, nor labour, nor journey, we could believe thee; but if thou sayest that thou canst not love, we believe thee not (*Francisco de Osuna*).

And Diego de Estella,

> All can love Thee, Lord, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, small and great, young and old, men and women. To every estate and every age love is common. None is too weak, none too poor, and none too old to love.

And then, with a touch of humour, he adds: "Many are in Heaven who, for lack of ability, never fasted, gave alms or went for pilgrimages, but none is there who has not loved God. . . . Love is ready for all: in every place, at every time and in every season canst thou love."

Others see that not only *can* we love, but it is the nature of our being, which all too often we constantly deny:

> God is as it were the centre of love, and to Him the weight of this same love draws every creature. So greatly is He to be loved that all creatures, both sensible and insensible, love Him in their several ways. . . . What is gravity in a stone, but love for the centre? What is lightness in fire, but love for the heavens? That which all things desire is called Sovereign Good, and thus the natural desire which is in them may in some sort be called love, although, as we said before, insensible Nature, because of its imperfections, cannot reach, as man and the angels can, that incommutable good, which is God (*Juan de los Ángeles*).

This suggests the essential difference between the low ideals with which we so often dally, and an ideal which is *real*, an aspect of *the Ideal*,—namely, the drawing power which the latter exerts. So long as we look for our ideal in external things, or in our self and the ambitions of its plane, we spend ourselves, exhaust our energies, give our life force with no replenishing return current from that on which we spend. When, pushed onward by life itself, we progress sufficiently to seek our ideal by turning within (inward or upward), we soon begin to sense a response "from the other side". At first it may be no more consciously felt than is the power of gravitation. But little by little we become aware of it as an actual response to our appeal, and finally it becomes infinitely more than that.

Pain and suffering are the means which life uses to bring us to the point of this awareness. This is, of course, the reason many of the mystics sought suffering as they did, finding in it, when accepted and *used*, the surest way to obliterate the impediments in their own natures, and to heighten their awareness of that response, that invitation, that tremendous drawing power from the other side of the veil. Until we have some realization of this from our own actual experience, we can have little more than a mental comprehension of such an attitude as that in *The Dark Night of the Soul*, when the soul, failing to find the Beloved, goes out "into the streets and the broad ways, asking all she meets if they have seen Him whom her soul loveth. And the answer she receives is: 'Thou shalt find Him, not in speech but in anguish; not in words but in wounds.' " Or, from another writer:

> And if, O my soul, thou dost say that among all the pains and sorrows of this life thou canst not for sorrow rise to the love of thy God, consider that these trials are blows of the steel that God gives to strike from the hard flint of thy heart sparks of fire and love, and that He afflicts thee that thou mayest love Him. For the most merciful Lord sees that thy heart is not softened by favours, and He wearies thee therefore with trials,

that so thou mayest rise to Him through love, and, loving Him thus, acquire new honour and a new being, when thou art transformed through love into God (*Diego de Estella*).

The same thought is found, though less directly expressed, in a letter from Juan de Ávila to a girl who was suffering from an illness:

Rest not until you have found suffering sweet, for herein appears love. Have no pity upon yourself, for both in Heaven and on earth you have One Who loves you dearly, and that which comes to you has been closely scanned and sent from the very hand of Him Who most truly loves you. Let not your faith grow cold in need and danger, nor your love amid trials. When a fire is strong the wind cannot quench it, but rather makes it stronger. So when a soul loves God as it were in play, its fire of love is quenched like a tiny candle with the first breath of wind that reaches it. But true love grows amid trials, for the more there comes to be borne, the greater the strength it gathers together to bear it; and if it be of God it conquers all trials—no water is sufficient to quench the fire which has come from Heaven. God has called such a soul to love Him, and love is not a thing for a mere pastime: one must hate oneself to love Christ, and deny oneself to confess Him, and be cruel to oneself to be gentle and meek with the Lord. If we love Him and desire to have fruition of Him, let us lose ourselves. If we would see Him, we must go through fire and water for Him. If we would make room for Him in our hearts we must cast out our very selves and all created things. . . . With burning acid gold is refined, and when the dross is removed it comes from the crucible refulgent.

This last passage emphasizes a point which has, of course, been implicit in all that preceded it—the fact that love as it is ordinarily (popularly) thought of is but a psychic reflection, a travesty often, of the love here referred to. These writers explain that it is not a love springing from the senses and affections of which they speak, nor is it a matter of strong feeling or any kindred emotion; nor can the understanding have any part in it—it is above them all. "Only the will can greatly love", wrote Pedro de Alcántara; and Juan de Ávila shows further that the form of will which is operative is higher than the ordinary:

The profit of the soul consists rather in a man's denying his own will, and doing with a good courage that which he feels to be pleasing to the Lord, than in tenderness of heart and sweetness of devotion. For in the former is revealed the true love which a man has toward God, wherein consists the perfection of Christianity, whereas in the latter may be concealed love of self, which befouls all things.

It is a love centred in one thing alone. "Live in this world as though there were in it but God and thy soul", and either discard all else or use it only as a means of approach to the thing loved,—remembering that "there is no creature, however small, that points not the way to God". The first attitude, that of turning away from outer things, finds quaint expression in a few lines, again from Diego de Estella:

Tell me then, O my soul,—answer me, O miserable one,—and declare to me the reason why thou goest so gladly among the creatures, with such hunger and thirst for them, and so greatly to thy dishonour? Why goest thou begging from them a poor drop of troubled water, so flat and brackish to the taste, which rather inflames than quenches thy thirst, forsaking the pure, delectable and eternal fountain of all blessings, in which alone thou couldst quench all thy thirst and satisfy all thy desire and thy will?

The second attitude, that of seeking the divine within and behind the outer

form, is found in a dialogue in one of the books of Juan de los Ángeles, where the Disciple, having been told to meditate "on a newt or an ant or a violet or the tiny fish or reptiles of sea and land", complains that this is inconsistent with the requirement that he turn away from creatures and seek the Creator. He is told that the difficulty is real and rises opportunely—

> Not only are we impeded in thinking upon God if we occupy ourselves with creatures, but I will even say that all the ills that are in the world have entered it because men have turned from enquiry concerning the Sovereign and Everlasting Good to that of outward and external things. . . . but through the creatures we should make search and enquiry concerning the Creator. . . . I use the creatures as instruments and means whereby we may find God. What thing is there, how small soever and vile, that shows not forth the infinite power of God, his wisdom and his goodness? Perplex not thyself either little or much concerning the bodily form of creatures. . . . but pass immediately to contemplate the presence of the Lord, Who gives to the thing that thou seest its being; and if thou dost feel His presence, extend thy thought and consider the omnipotence in that which is shown thee therein; and then consider more intimately the love which therein and in all the creatures God has and manifests to us.

The same writer, elsewhere, makes clear the danger of self-deception, which obviously is a lurking enemy at this point as at most other points along the path:

> Thou wilt find some that say mysteriously, as though none should understand them, that music is a heavenly thing and uplifts the spirit; and that, when they hear it, they experience (so it seems to them) feelings most spiritual. But the truth is that all this is no more than sensuality, wherein they feel this manner of joy, devotion and pleasure. And this is clear and evident, because the same effects are caused in those that know not what is meant by "spirit", nor have aught to do therewith. Quite other are the effects of music upon true contemplatives, who, when they hear the music of the organ or of other instruments, put from them the pleasure, outward and physical, which is caused by the sounds, and pass to the contemplation of interior matters, and to the spirituality which corresponds with the harmonic accords which strike the ear.

There is one instance of this right use of outer forms which brings us unexpectedly near to a holy of holies. An old man "who had practised these things for more than fifty years", said that many times he had listened "to sermons and things of God" without understanding a word of them: "so hushed and so busy was his innermost understanding that nothing which was of creatures could take shape within it." He was told that he ought at such times to withdraw into retirement. To this he replied that "voices were to him as the sound of organs, in which the soul took delight even though it understood them not: he praised the Lord as it were in a counterpoint upon them in a way that could be felt, although he could not make another to understand it."

This latter passage suggests the records of inner states—prayer, meditation, spiritual recollection, contemplation, and finally (though beyond ordinary comprehension) ecstacy—which certain of the mystics have left. The boundless generosity of their accounts is incredible—describing and analysing for other, and all too often unsympathetic eyes, their innermost experience. They could scarcely have failed to see the risk of profanation by the unworthy. Yet they gave with open hands, for those who were capable of an understanding response

Christina Rosetti must have had them in mind when she wrote, "O ye who taste that love is sweet, set waymarks for all searching feet." One thing their records make apparent: that persons who have no acquaintance with prayer and meditation, who through some prejudice perhaps, are turned from it, are like a man living in a dark cellar of his home, the deserted upper floors of which contain treasures of unrealized beauty. Prayer is all too often misunderstood, because regarded as a mere repetition of words. This type of prayer, mental or vocal, the mystics recognize as right at one stage and in its proper place—a begging of the Lord for alms, one terms it. But they refer, for the most part, to a vastly different thing:

Prayer is an uplifting of our hearts to God, whereby we become united and made one with Him. To pray is for the soul to rise above itself, and above all created things, and to be joined with God, and engulfed in that ocean of infinite sweetness and love. Prayer is the issuing of the soul to receive God, when He comes in His abundant grace, and the soul draws Him to itself as to His kingdom, giving Him a dwelling-place within itself as it were within a temple, and therein possessing, loving and having fruition of Him. Prayer is the standing of the soul in the presence of God, and of God in the presence of the soul. . . . a royal door whereby we may enter into the heart of God (*Luis de Granada*).

Let a man imprison himself within his own self, in the centre of his soul, wherein is the image of God, and there let him wait upon Him, as one listens to another speaking from some high tower, or as though he had Him within his heart, and as if in all creation there were no other thing save God and his soul. Even himself should he forget, and that which he is doing, for . . . "that prayer is perfect in which he who is praying, remembers not that he is praying!" (*Pedro de Alcántara*).

Juan Falconi gives three suggestions, simple in appearance, but profound in application:

The best way to ask, and to pray, is to resign oneself into the will of God. By resignation of itself the soul walks all day long in prayer and in the presence of God. . . . Thou hast no need to keep repeating that thou surrenderest thyself to Him. . . . Be still, for thou *art* loving Him.

Juan de Ávila adds: "He who has never tasted of God knows neither what it is to hunger, nor yet to be filled"; and from another, writing on recollection of the soul, comes that most inviting of definitions: "It is a garden enclosed on all sides, whose key is given to God alone, that He may enter whensoever He will."

That these higher states are not within the reach of everyone, need hardly be said. One finds occasional reminder of the fact, as in the following admonition from Thomas of Villanueva:

Wherefore, if thou seest that thy soul and spirit are not apt for ascending the mount of contemplation, do thou exercise thyself in the valley below. There thou mayest remain, and walk in the active life, which is good likewise, though it is of little value without the other. Exercise then thyself in contemplation as best thou mayest, though it be but little, for without this thy achievement would be small, nor couldst thou exercise thyself in the active life. Contemplation will help thee, and give thee wings that thou mayest exercise thyself in the active life. . . . But labour thou in this if thou canst not achieve that, for many would-be contemplatives neither attain to the contemplative life nor are content with the active life, and remain without either.

Such advice was, doubtless, widely needed in view of the large numbers during the Middle Ages who turned, for varying reasons, to the monastic life. There is the well known eastern saying that the Buddha entered Nirvana on the shoulders of a million men, and this naturally comes to mind in explanation, as it were, of the achievement of such lofty souls as Saint Teresa or Saint John of the Cross. An army of monks and nuns, centuries of aspiration, made it possible for the comparatively few (though the marvel is that there were so many) to reach the point where the soul,—

is made one spirit in God, by God and with God. While not ceasing to be a soul, it is so completely infused in God, so entirely transformed in Him, so like to God in the one will which is between them, in the which willing the two things are one only,—a will enamoured, converted, submerged, engulfed and transformed in the most finely refined love, wherein the soul is absorbed and made one with the love which transformed it into itself (*Bernardino de Laredo*).

These mystics of the Christian Church—not merely the group in Spain here quoted, but those of all nations, down through the centuries—were the pioneers of the Western world in following the trail which the Western Avatar had blazed, and penetrating the realms to which he leads. And the striking feature of their achievement is that they did it alone and unaided outwardly, with no knowledge of the human "principles" except the Biblical division into body, soul and spirit, no knowledge of the action of Buddhi and Manas, and with the rationale of the development of higher faculties largely a matter of experiment. Such outer guidance as they had from superiors and directors, was as often as not a hindrance, as they themselves in some cases discovered and later testified. In the fullest sense, they learned to stand alone, to advance unaided, and to find the light in the depths of their own hearts. One of their number writes of a "hidden theology" which he does not presume to teach, and which no mortal has ever taught: "Christ has kept for Himself the office of teaching it secretly to the hearts in which it dwells." They are the exemplification of the promise made by the Master Christ that if ye live the life ye shall know the doctrine. Their discovery had become known to the East millenniums before, and there it had been developed and amplified, with a fulness and completeness of detail, a comprehension of the rationale, and a breadth and depth of understanding which could result only from long centuries of living it and "intending" upon it. And this Wisdom Religion it was, which in part was disclosed to the Western world in 1875, in the custody of The Theosophical Society. One can only speculate, of course, but there seems room for doubt whether that disclosure would have been—could have been—made, if the mystics had not prepared the way, if the West, in their attainment, had not already worked out for itself, and made an inalienable part of its own consciousness, however deeply overlaid, this great truth in spiritual chemistry, this divine alchemy—the knowledge with certainty that Wisdom, on the wings of Love, can lift mankind to a life beyond life.

J.C.

A THEOSOPHICAL CALL

THERE is an age-old truth: on what the mind dwells, that it becomes. In the light of this truth, it should be interesting to consider, briefly, certain present-day conditions, and to give a theosophical answer to man in the plight in which he finds himself. Yet it is more than an answer that Theosophy gives; it is a call, a challenge to man to cease being a creature of little worth, a compromiser, a bargainer, and to become a creature of moral worth. Man must become moral before he can become divine.

One way of expressing the purpose of Theosophy is that it is to hold before man the Ideal of his potential divinity, that he may be brought to intend his mind on that Ideal, be drawn to it, aspire toward it, and eventually fulfil it, though the ordinary course which man pursues is exactly the opposite of the one which will lead to the eventual embodiment of his divinity. Recurrently, man becomes submerged in debts of his own making, both financial and moral. Seeking a way out, almost invariably he lowers his standards to meet his needs; demonetizes his standards of value. Evidence that such a method is not the real way out, lies in the fact that again man is submerged in debts of his own making, and, again, seeks the easy, or the apparently easy way out.

Often it is possible to understand more intelligently what is taking place in the present if an analogue is found in the past. Let us see, then, what happened once before when man lowered his standards of value and began to live ignobly instead of nobly; and let us notice, too, in this example from the past, what it was that led man out of the chaos in which he had submerged himself. By taking a long backward look it is possible to view present conditions with more detachment, more dispassionately, and, therefore, with calmer, clearer vision.

Let us turn to the well-known, but significant, example offered by ancient Rome.

The State of Rome, which eventually conquered half the world and, in doing so, became the channel through which there has come down to us the splendour of more ancient civilizations, and the message of the Western Master, was founded on the quality of *virtus*. Had not her citizens possessed, individually, the quality of *virtus*, the glory of Rome probably never would have existed; the past of Egypt and of Greece might have fallen into oblivion, and Christianity might early have perished as a Jewish heresy.

What was, in reality, the *virtus* of the Roman citizen? Loosely, the word is often translated as virtue. To the Roman it meant far more than what we to-day connote by that word. *Virtus* is derived from *vir*, meaning man; and when the *tus* was added, the abstract noun thus formed, *virtus*, meant manhood, the quality of being a man—a quality sorely lacking in the world to-day. To those Romans of an early day, *virtus* was the primal virtue. It meant first and foremost the physical courage that belongs to real manhood: the courage to

face hardship and danger. Later it grew to mean moral courage: the courage to do one's duty at any cost. It was on this quality of *virtus*, of the manhood or moral worth of her individual citizens, that the Roman State was founded and flourished. While the Roman citizen remained a creature of moral worth, aware of his responsibility to the State and acting it out, Rome prospered as a moral entity in the world.

But when those standards were lowered, as they were in later centuries, when the individual citizen was no longer a creature of moral worth who fulfilled his moral responsibility to the State, the State, as a moral entity, deteriorated in precise ratio. Her grandeur diminished as the individual citizen allowed lust of wealth and personal power to replace his love of honour and duty. In few of her citizens did her early ideal remain potent, with the result that in the first century B.C. we can find in Rome certain conditions which parallel those of to-day. One or two instances will be sufficient to indicate the parallelism.

The Mediterranean Sea was infested by pirates. Roman trade was at a standstill. Imports such as grain from Egypt, necessary to sustain life, were cut off and, in consequence, food prices rose exorbitantly at Rome. Roman merchants scarcely dared to send their exports forth in the regular course of trade, for their ships were captured and the cargoes confiscated. Travellers as well as crews were seized and held for ransom, or were sold into slavery. So bold did those pirates become that they sailed right up to the shores and kidnapped Roman citizens.

Is there any essential difference between racketeers who ply their trade at sea and those who levy their impost in great cities? Any difference between kidnappers who deport their victims in ships and those who carry them off in automobiles?

Consider, too, the Roman agricultural situation. Small independent farms, the land tilled by those who owned them and by a few farm labourers, were passing out of existence. Men who had become suddenly rich, often through corrupt practices, bought up the small farms and incorporated them into large estates. Many such parcels became the property of one proprietor, the land no longer worked by a free and stalwart citizenry, but by retinues of virtual slaves. The small farmers, thus dispossessed, and the former farm labourers, flocked to Rome, where, their number augmented by ex-soldiers, they formed themselves into a great class of unemployed, sustained by free corn, and for whose amusement gladiatorial games were staged, either by certain of the new rich, or by politicians who thus sought to control them for their own political ends. In the circumstances, it was not long before these ex-soldiers and these former stalwart citizens fell into the lax habits of professional loafers, and found it more convenient to remain idlers than to stand squarely on their own two feet and earn an honest living.

What essential difference is there between men who sell themselves for excursions and picnics, and those whose support could be had for a gladiatorial game? Between the English dole and the disguised American dole, and the subsidy of free corn?

With such elements of disintegration present in the first century B.C. of Rome's

life, only one consequence would be supposed: the collapse of the State as a moral influence in the world. That such a catastrophe did not occur at the time is due, largely, to three men, Crassus, Pompey and Julius Cæsar, who pooled their powers, so to speak, for the sake of the Roman State, who put aside, for the time, their own separate interests for the good of the whole. Their motives may not have been unmixed, their purposes may not have been entirely altruistic. They may not have been saints, but they were men with the courage to carry out their convictions. They appreciated that the *virtus*, the manhood, the moral worth of her citizens had to be resuscitated, had to be revived, if the moral worth of the State, itself, were to be resuscitated, revived. Consequently, there was held before the people the ideal on which their State had been founded and had prospered, that once more they might intend their minds on it, and that a sufficient number of them might be brought to acknowledge, and to act out, their moral responsibility to the State.

Each of the Triumvirate had a distinct contribution to make. Crassus, the moneyed man of the three, supplied the necessary funds. Pompey had rid the sea of pirates. Also, he had led the Roman forces to the East, had conquered and consolidated much territory, such as Syria and Palestine, which he made an integral part of the State. Pompey supplied the prestige. Cæsar, who was the youngest and, at the time, the least known of the three, supplied the brains. It was he who led the Roman forces to the West, into Gaul and elsewhere, and who conquered and brought that territory under Roman dominion. When he met his untimely death, he was virtual dictator of Rome. All the fabric of an Empire had been woven, so that Augustus Cæsar, who succeeded, became ruler of the Great Roman Empire.

True, the existence of the First Triumvirate, as it is called, was comparatively short, as its members failed to continue in agreement. True, the Roman Empire had its ups and downs, and, finally, fell. The point is, however, that because. for a time, the quality of *virtus* was revived in a sufficient number of her citizens, the State, in which were present the elements of decay, lasted for some five centuries, and the field for the propagation of the Christian Master's teaching was prepared.

Now to turn more specifically to Theosophy's call to man, to the challenge it holds before him in his present plight. Mr. Judge said, "Thoughts are things". It is with his thoughts that man creates the atmosphere in which he lives, very much as he covers the walls of his room with pictures. For centuries he has hung pictures of a low order there: pictures of greed, selfishness, self-gratification and the like. He has intended his mind, in the main, on a low order of things. Theosophy, holding before man the Ideal of his eventual divinity, bids him replace these pictures, one by one, with those of a high order, of noble standards. Theosophy offers no easy way, no short-cut out of man's difficulties. Theosophy offers the long way, the rugged way, but the sure way. It is the way the Masters went. It is the way all warriors have trod, and will tread. It is the way of the soul.

Implicit in manhood is the quality of choice, and Theosophy bids man choose

aright. He must, as said, replace methodically the pictures of a low order which he, himself, has hung; for a picture of greed, a picture depicting self-sacrifice, let us say; for selfishness, one of unselfishness, and so on until the replacement is complete. There will be times during the process that some picture of a low order will come vividly to mind, as if to say, "Why all this struggle? What is the use of it all? You know that I point to the easy way. You have followed me many times in the past; follow me again." At such times man must fix his attention rigidly on some picture of a high order of things, a picture of moral worth at least; let us say on that of a knight whose entire record was one of loyalty to his king and to his ideal.

Theosophy, then, bids man profit by his errors of the past, errors which, often, led him to compromise with difficulty by lowering his standards to meet immediate needs, instead of raising his standards to surmount the difficulty. Therefore, Theosophy calls to man, challenges him, to start from where he is and with what he has made himself, a creature of little worth, and by his own sincere, consistent, indomitable efforts to become a creature of moral worth. When this has been done, in a measure at least, it bids him direct his attention more specifically toward attaining divine worth. That may be years, perhaps incarnations, hence; but with his mind thus intended on his potential divinity, and with the help that is his from above, Theosophy will bid him gradually raise that which is of moral worth, until it comes into contact with the element of divine worth within him; until, in short, he comes into union with the divine order of things, instead of remaining in disunion, as he has been and now is.

While the individual citizen fulfilled his moral responsibility to the State, Rome remained a moral entity in the world and, as such, prospered. In order that the call Theosophy makes to man, the challenge it holds before him, may be met, it is the responsibility of each member of the Society to serve the Ideal to the best of his ability, and in his degree; to serve it courageously, with fortitude, with self-sacrifice, with humility, with love, so that it may continue a living, breathing Reality in a world that sorely needs it, even though the world, apparently, seems unaware of its need at the moment.

G.M.W.K.

For as often as any new thing falleth to a man, be it of prosperity or adversity, he should think in himself thus: Of this will I win somewhat,—for he that can do so shall soon be rich in virtue.—CATHERINE OF SIENA.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder, having caught the Historian, the Philosopher and other friends collectively, announced that a plan had been suggested to him, but that this plan would require some preliminary explanation.

"Let me remind you", he said, "of a rather widespread belief at the present time that a sort of Messiah will come, and come soon, to lead the world out of its miseries. For the most part, those who share this belief would be regarded as cranks,—and often are cranks, in the sense that, imbued with an idea which contains elements of truth, they are unable to discriminate between proximate and remote, big and little, cosmic and local. Further, all these enthusiasts—Second Adventists, Irvingites, Spiritualists, Bible Prophecy and Great Pyramid Interpreters, among them—all translate the idea in ways which accord with their dominant preconception. There are some, inevitably, who make the subject ridiculous. A former member of the T.S., who became one of Judge's bitterest accusers (Judge had not approved of him), and who, since that time, has withered into a professional astrologer, tries to keep up with the procession by mixing the Book of Daniel, Great Pyramid measurements, Eclipses, the Zodiac, and Planetary influences, as foundation for prophecies of great events. Writing and publishing prior to the event (a grave mistake!), he declared: 'In the year 1932, following the Judgment of the Nations, the Prince of Peace will appear as the Rider upon the White Horse, having upon His Head a Crown and in His Hands the Bow of prophecy and the Arrows of truth—all-conquering. He will rule the nations and execute judgment from afar.' All I can say is that the year 1932 did not feel like it! However, very few people, I imagine, keep track of modern prophets, while, to be fair, the 'prophet' I have quoted is in no way typical. There are men of the highest integrity who watch and pray for the Coming of the Lord, and who do not make money out of it. In China, India, and throughout the East, there are rumours of a 'Coming', near at hand, which is to be an outstanding event in history.

"Students of Theosophy have no reason to believe that a Messiah, an Avatar (an incarnation of the Oversoul), will come soon, although, of course, all things are possible. In the *Bhagavad Gîta*, Krishna tells Arjuna: 'I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.'

"Even so, why assume that the present is such a time? On the other hand, H.P.B. said, and history confirms it, that during the last quarter of every century the Lodge sends among men a Messenger (of far lesser degree than an Avatar), in an effort to revive some knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom; and we know, further, from a study of history, that the Lodge occasionally sends a

'forerunner', in advance of the Messenger, to explore and prepare the way. We see such a 'forerunner', in the eighteenth century, in the person of Saint-Germain, —whose mission, by the way, was not completed. Is he, by any chance, as some allege, living to-day in one of the old palaces along the Grand Canal in Venice, waiting to resume his task?

"In any event, while, in the past, the Lodge Messenger has begun his work in the world at the beginning of the last quarter of every century (the T.S. was founded in 1875), the continued existence, so far into the twentieth century, of the nineteenth century effort—the effort of H.P.B. and Judge—has, we believe, affected the ordinary cyclic rhythm, bringing the next 'arrival' that much nearer as a possibility, though not as a certainty,—bringing it nearer inwardly, though not of necessity outwardly. You will remember what was said about this at our last Convention.

"Students of Theosophy naturally are interested in this possibility; naturally wish to see and know those to whom the future of the Work will be entrusted. But just what have we in mind as the effect of any such 'arrival'? A most interesting question! So much so, that the editors of the QUARTERLY were requested to sound some of our members by asking for written replies under these three heads: 'What do you think a Lodge forerunner or Messenger could do, (1) for you; (2) for the T.S.; (3) for the world,—and how?' Non-members should be interested also, for there are many outside our ranks who have longed for the appearance of some man, wiser, stronger, nobler than even the best of the world's statesmen or religious leaders, who would be able to persuade or force humanity into ways of righteousness and peace. And yet,—and yet: what could the wisest, noblest, best, what could the most forceful and the most inspired among men, actually accomplish at this time,—and how?

"First, should we be able to recognize him as a true leader, or, just because he was superior and in that sense different, should we denounce him as an interloper and charlatan? Judging by the past, most people would want to hang him from the nearest lamp-post. However, if you will allow me to read some of these written answers, perhaps you will be good enough, later, to comment upon them."

Whereupon the Recorder began reading as follows:

" '(1) I believe that a forerunner or Messenger could make straight for me the highway to liberation and enlightenment, provided that I did all that is possible to increase my desire and determination to realize these ends. It seems to me that he could multiply the possibilities of attaining chêlaship; that his embodied presence near at hand would place at one's disposal a new reserve of spiritual energy; that it would make more concrete the ideal of the Soul and would be a stimulus to ever greater effort. But there would be an added responsibility for every individual. He could not make us chêlas by force or by decree. Those who failed to respond to his presence would sink back to a lower condition than before.

" '(2) The same principles would be applicable to his relationship with the

T.S. Its members would benefit according to the sincerity and intensity of their response. Certainly his appearance would ease the burden now wholly borne by a very small group of veterans, and it would increase the effectiveness of the Society as a nucleus of spiritual consciousness in the world. It would provide a certain assurance that this nucleus will not disappear from manifestation when the older members die. But the Messenger, if left altogether alone at the helm, might be forced to seek helpers elsewhere, outside the T.S. What I mean to say is that he could not help or even preserve the T.S., if its membership remained cold and indifferent to his appeal.

" '(3) One wonders what he could do for the world. It would seem that the great mass of mankind desires a Messenger from on high less than it desires anything else under the sun. How few even dream of his coming! People want success or comfort or money in the bank, some satisfaction of egotism, some opportunity for self-indulgence. The materialistic conception of Nature is so prevalent that even those who have the best intentions are almost devoid of belief in the reality of spiritual agencies.

" 'If it were the Messenger's mission to work actively in the world, it would seem that his first task would be to clear away some of the debris of the century; that he would appear as Śiva, the Destroyer who is also the Regenerator. There are so many false ideas, false hopes and desires, false modes of life, which have drawn into themselves and imprisoned energies which cannot be available for the building of a new civilization unless they be released through the destruction of their present vehicles.

" 'It is conceivable, however, that the Messenger would not attempt such a prodigious undertaking at this time. The process of annihilating illusions on a world-wide scale might be left for the present to the general action of Nature and Karma. In so far as my ideas upon this subject are at all clear, I imagine that the Messenger would seek above all to strengthen the elements of spiritual consciousness wherever these are present in the world. By living the truth himself, he could awaken a true life in others who were not too deeply buried beneath an avalanche of delusions.

" 'Is not this the function of the T.S., to keep alive a nucleus of spiritual consciousness which a forerunner or Messenger from the Lodge could use? And is it not the privilege of each individual member to do his utmost through his own efforts to keep the fire burning in his particular corner? In the last analysis, everything depends upon the efforts of individuals.'

"The next", the Recorder continued, "strikes a slightly different note:

" '(1) Ever since the possible coming of a Lodge forerunner was spoken of some five years ago, I have been asking myself what he could do that the "Ancients", the older members of The Theosophical Society, could not do if we made it possible. My own need, I feel, is to "gain the strength to receive". All the spiritual help, guidance, knowledge and wisdom that I need for my advance, and far more, is available. The trouble is with my own effort, which falls so far below what it ought to be. In consequence, I do not take advantage of my

opportunity, and do not succeed in taking what is offered. The lack is in the effective demand, not in the supply.

" '(2) I think that the same thing is true of the T.S. as a whole. Perhaps a Lodge forerunner or Messenger would bring with him enough of the atmosphere and inspiration of the Lodge to give us the strength, desire, determination and love needed to maintain our effort at its maximum, thereby making us grow, and thus making it possible for us to be given constantly more and more. Contact with the "Ancients" brings something of this inspiration. Sometimes a reminder from home will arouse an irresistible longing in the heart of an exile. Perhaps a touch from a Lodge forerunner would arouse the passionate love of our home, and the things of our home, which we have, buried in our hearts, but which we have failed to arouse for ourselves,—a love that would take us on wings to our goal.

" 'As I see it, however, the chief reason for desiring with all that is in us, the coming of a forerunner, is that he may be recognized by those who have the power to do so, while they are still with us. Then, when they have to go on, he can direct the Work and us, so that the Work can be continued in all its branches; and we can continue to serve, our efforts wisely directed and we saved from doing, by our stupidity and ignorance, more harm than good. His coming would continue our connection with the Lodge, and the incalculable benefits that flow from it, to us and to the world. Another potent reason for ardently desiring his coming is that it would take something of the heavy strain from the older members of the T.S.

" '(3) It seems presumptuous to try to answer this question, but this is the way the need of the world appears to me:

" 'First. Before a man, or the world, can receive new truth, he must have ceased to be entirely satisfied with the ideas that he has, and must desire something better. In the last century, H.P.B. had to devote much effort to breaking rigid, dogmatic moulds of thought before new ideas could be grasped. To-day, the moulds are breaking. Men do not know what to believe, and few views are firmly held. There is questioning and discontent with current ideas on every side. Religious dogmas have been greatly weakened or destroyed; democracy is no longer the fetish that it was; there is discontent with modern education; and science is destroying the foundations of its own materialism. This process is going on, but it is certainly far from complete, and it would seem that more preparation is needed before the minds of men will be ready for a new message from the Lodge.

" 'Second. The great need of the world is to regain belief in spiritual as opposed to material values. To bring this about, there must be belief in the Spirit, in man's spiritual nature, in Divine guidance and a Divine purpose for man. The first step would seem to be to demonstrate that there is intelligent guidance in the universe, and I would make my attack there. I believe that science has reached, or very soon will reach, the point where, by the skilful assembling and use of science's own material, a Lodge Messenger could prove, in a way that would carry conviction to the world, that there must be such guid-

ance. It is a short step from that to belief in Divine guidance of human affairs and a Divine purpose for man. These beliefs, properly directed as a Lodge Messenger could direct them, would transform the Western world. They would make possible the restoration of faith and of true religion, and the realization that the purpose of life is the evolution of the soul, the development of character. A most important step would be the reform of education, so that life and all subjects taught would be approached from a spiritual and not, as at present, a materialistic standpoint. Untold harm is done by present methods. Once the spiritual nature of the universe had been admitted, a Lodge Messenger would know how to attack the present methods of the colleges and bring about a change. It would be harder to have primary education put where it belongs, under the guidance of religion, and not of the State.

" 'One thing sorely needed by mankind is a true ideal to love and to follow. The war showed that men can still give themselves in splendid self-sacrifice to a Cause that appeals to them as worthy of their best. They see no such Cause to-day. There is a good deal of vague groping after idealism, vague desires for altruism, but for the most part they are directed to materialistic aims. They lack truth and do not draw men's hearts. A Lodge Messenger would bring a true and moving ideal. But I do not think the world is yet ready. More preparation is needed. During this time of preparation, the continuance of the Work in the world is vitally important: it may be essential. The coming of the forerunner before the "Ancients" have to pass on, would ensure its continuance, and hence the continued preparation of the world for the coming of the Messenger.' "

"What remarkable human documents!" the Philosopher interjected. "They are at least as valuable as revelations of different personalities—of different prismatic effects—as for their direct content. Please, some more!"

So the Recorder continued to read:

" '(1) What the Lodge forerunner or Messenger could do for me would be in proportion to my own desire for his help, my devotion to the Cause he represents, and the extent to which I had acquired understanding through inner effort and obedience to spiritual law.

" '(2) H.P.B., in her Conclusion to *The Key to Theosophy*, has painted a glowing picture of the possibilities of the T.S. when the next Lodge Messenger comes, and it seems to me that the conditions for such a result exist in the T.S. to-day in a devoted, united, though not numerous body of people ready to welcome the "new torch-bearer of Truth". As in the case of an individual, the help that might be received by a group of people would be limited to their capacity to receive and to understand.

" '(3) It would seem that the world must endure greater suffering before it will be ready to listen to or heed the message of the Messenger. Out of the gross materialism and resulting chaos so manifest in the world to-day, must eventually come a realization of man's inability to rule or govern himself; then, a reverence for and a willingness to submit himself to an authority which he

recognizes as greater and higher than himself. If the world, through more suffering, begins to learn this lesson, a Messenger or forerunner of the Lodge could work wonders, using the little leaven furnished by a united, devoted group of T.S. members to leaven the whole lump, and thus prepare the ground for the ultimate establishment of a dynasty of Adept kings.'

"I shall now omit passages", said the Recorder, "which express ideas contained in answers I have already read to you. In the next set, I would especially call your attention to the section numbered (3):

" '(1) We are told that with Masters all things are possible. A great craftsman is known by his tools. He prefers good tools. He keeps them clean, sharp and in order. Nevertheless, he can do a better piece of work with a poor tool than can an inferior craftsman. Sometimes he will seize as a tool an object not made for that purpose, but at hand. Will it serve? Am I a poor tool or no tool at all?

" '(2) The same thing applies to The Theosophical Society. How far can it be trusted? To what extent can it be used?

" '(3) As for the world, who can see the hidden aspirations beneath its boiling scum? Only the Lodge of Masters.

" 'We have been told that Masters work with the cycles: also, that cycles can be transcended. The appearance, at this time, of a Lodge Messenger in The Theosophical Society would certainly indicate that for some people the hundred year cycle had been transcended and that the Messenger would be able to work with them upon a higher cycle. While this would be true of the T.S., it would not necessarily be true of the world. Of course, the effects of all inner work are felt eventually upon the outer planes, but are not recognized as such. The presence of such a Messenger would have an influence whether he worked with the world or not.

" 'One can imagine a Lodge Messenger doing no visible outer work in the T.S. He would communicate only with the higher consciousness of those who were able to perceive him there. This communion would hasten the evolution of those sharing in it, and would produce a powerful centre of vibrations in the world. One may consider this state as already existing, but the advent of a Messenger would extend it. The increased vibration within the world would stimulate some to a clearer comprehension of principles, and to better action, and it would also create a greater explosive flight, from the centre, of the grosser elements.

" 'My feeling is that the work of such a Messenger, being one of preparation, at the beginning at least, would be carried on in the inner selves of the members. This feeling is based solely upon the assumption that the cycle of outer work in the world has not been reached. . . .'

"From another set of answers I extract this very significant sentence, which follows a reminder of the way in which Avatars and Lodge Messengers have been treated in the past:

" '. . . Therefore, I am not concerned about all that a Lodge forerunner or

Messenger could do for me. I am gravely concerned about what I could do for him. To that end, I am endeavouring to perform the tasks allotted to me in such a manner that, when he comes, they may require a minimum of his time and attention.'

"Another reply to the second question (what could be done for the T.S.) raises considerations perhaps not so clearly covered in answers already quoted; you may judge for yourselves:

" '(2) I should suppose that the force of the forerunner or Messenger would be used on inner planes, to strengthen and reinforce every organization and movement of the present day which actually furthers the cause of righteousness and the real betterment of mankind. The T.S. being, in certain respects, better fitted than other organizations to receive help of this kind, should be able to make a right use of a greater share of it, and should be in position to serve as the chief outer instrument of the new leader. I should suppose that the method of outer work this time would be very different from that of the last century—very much less external, for one thing. The great harm done to the cause of Theosophy in the eyes of the world by the Adyar and similar organizations would doubtless be taken into account and offset, and for that reason, the world might hear and see little of the T.S. as such during the Lodge activities of the remainder of this century. Furthermore, using the spiral as an analogy, the whole activity this time would be on a higher level than in the last century. There would almost certainly be no outer display analogous to the psychic phenomena of the last time; there might well be no publicity, no large membership, no widespread interest in the subject of Theosophy. It is conceivable that, instead, the emphasis would be laid wholly on the intensive development of the nucleus, the germ cell in which life is stored for the future growth of the organism. The fact that the work survived the turn of the century in 1900 has doubtless affected many people (unconsciously to themselves) all over the world, outside the present Society. These would presumably be drawn into the ranks,—not through publicity, but by the new spiritual force drawing together the already active spiritual undercurrents; and such persons would enter the Work, not wholly as newcomers but in some degree prepared. In 1875, many were called but few were chosen, just as in the time of the Master Christ. In the new outpouring, it might well be that the proportions would be different, due to the successful work of the last fifty-nine years,—this time, comparatively few being "called", but of that number, many proving fit to be "chosen". Then the time and force of the forerunner or Messenger might be chiefly given, not to work that the world would see and hear of, but to the training and development of active servants of the Lodge, increasingly conscious of their Lodge connection and increasingly aware both of the work they are intended to perform in and for the world, and of how best to do it.'

"One purpose in formulating these questions and in publishing the replies, is quite obvious, as the next set of answers will show: it is to force us to dig into

ourselves and to bring into our waking consciousness, a clear-cut image both of our desire and of our ideal. . . . It may be, of course, that somebody also wanted to know, and that this was a simple way to get at it! Real people do not waste their energies."

The Recorder then read the following:

" 'I have taken several days to think about the questions propounded; they are perhaps the most difficult ones I have ever met. At first I answered to myself: nothing can be done on any of these counts; I have the teachings and it is up to me to incarnate them; the T.S. has its opportunity likewise, and as for the world—fancy it listening to a spiritual teacher backed by The Theosophical Society! But such a reply is only the superficial froth of a weary mind. So I sought more deeply, knowing well that the questions were not idle ones.

" 'I thought of similar sendings in the past—of John, and of Saint Germain; of veiled prophecies; of a nation brought to a desperate plight through its betrayal by false prophets. . . .

" 'There grew up within me a feeling that the dire need of the moment is a revelation of a clear-cut issue for all of us—a revelation which will force men and women to take sides in accord with their varying degrees of knowledge. Perhaps the reading of Berdyaev's *End of Our Time* contributed to this feeling. The time is approaching he tells us, when men must choose between the mysticism of Christ and that of Antichrist. I recalled that "the Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought; it will be fought under the next Lodge Messenger."

" 'Therefore it might seem that the Precursor will sound the same challenge that John did: "Repent ye for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand". He might set forth the issue so clearly that neutrality would no longer be possible. Men would be forced to enter one or the other of the armies which will be slowly drawn up on the new Kurukshetra [as in the *Bhagavad Gîta*] to abide the Master's coming.

" 'How would he provoke the line-up? How would he initiate the campaign? One might suggest reverently that he would begin with a simple, unequivocal declaration of the ancient truths: I am come to prepare the way; to insist that you choose of your own free wills whether you will henceforth serve God or Satan. As you choose so you must abide. There would be no softening of the words through fear of giving offence to any special group. The world would hear again the stern declaration of the Law. It would be confronted with the vile gods it has been worshipping.

" 'Through what channels would he get his words to the people? With the power of the Lodge behind him, an address in the streets of New York, if need be, would start a wave that press and radio would carry through the country, particularly if it were backed by demonstrations of his powers over nature. The effect would be an immediate revelation of men's souls, and they would line up under one banner or the other. Leading the forces of darkness would be the intellectuals and liberals—those disciples of scientific materialism and sensuality who parallel the Pharisees of old. To their standard would flock the host of hateful subversives—the bitter communists and their like. The Protestant

Liberal Churches would be split wide open. The Roman fold would probably form a special wing, aloof and arrogant and utterly unable to admit that truth could be found outside its particular mediation.

" 'On the other side would stand our Leader with a handful of disciples and would-be disciples just as of old. Supporting him would be the fairly honest, vacillating, hard-working, church-going middle class who, possibly, in their bewilderment, would hail him as the long-expected Messiah. The prevalence of Messianic prophecy among the more orthodox churches to-day would conduce to this.

" 'His teaching would be the ancient Theosophy adapted to the needs of the present age.

" 'What part would The Theosophical Society play in this great sifting? What could he do for The Theosophical Society?

" 'First of all I have sensed the desperate fear of our leaders that they may be "called home" before their great Trust is in safe hands; he could bring them the joy they have earned by all these years of devoted toil.

" 'The T.S. would come alive and swing into action. For if the world could be moved by his presence, how much more his own organization. It might not have to come into the open at all as a Society, since to do so might hinder his work. The Black Lodge has perverted and befouled the name to such a degree that he might have to condemn "occultism" unsparingly, and the world could hardly be expected to distinguish between "theosophists".

" 'As a secret body, understanding something of his origin and purpose, the T.S. might form a cordon about him, making straight his physical pathway just as H.P.B. hoped it might do: ". . . There will be in existence an organized, living and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century—an organization awaiting his arrival which will remove the merely mechanical material obstacles and difficulties from his path."

" 'Some of the members of the T.S. might know the joy of his direct supervision—his piercing insight using each man's talents in the most effective way, just as we use our own bodily powers. This implies chêlaship or something close to it. Is it too much to hope that he might draw such members together for private instruction? Have I not read that such as he can transmit understanding with a touch? There is a difficult paradox here. Certain members feel that they are stopped by a barrier: they need more insight and a strong emotional reaction to send them forward. Yet, as Cavé has pointed out, if that door is opened, demons can likewise come through it. Might not all be lost for which Masters have toiled so long? The situation seems to stand thus:

" '1. The method of intellectual and emotional appeal made through the QUARTERLY and at many Conventions has ceased to be effective. A need exists for a sharper spur.

" '2. If soldiers are not fully trained when the armies are mobilized, they have to go into battle with the training they have.

" '3. The human soul responds to the challenge to action. The flame of life burns more fiercely when it encounters opposition which demands action.

" '4. The members have in their minds a considerable body of ethical and moral knowledge. With *direct cognizance* and the dangers which attend it, that knowledge should come to the rescue.

" '5. Nothing venture, nothing gain. Either conquering we "inherit the earth", or slain we "gain heaven", whence we may come forth to fight again.

" '6. Certain of our members have been long with us and are not mere privates. Of something of the innerness of Masters' plan they must become directly aware if they are to serve effectively. . . .'

"You will agree with me, I think, that the answers I am going to read now—they will be the last—get very close to the heart of things:

" '(1) For me, first and foremost, he could bring relief to those I love, to those who, ever since the turn of the cycle, through more years than are reckoned as a generation, have borne the burden of responsibility and the strain of ceaseless watch and ward and combat for the Movement. He could take over command from them, as the leader of a relieving force takes over the defence of a beleaguered city, securing its lines of communication, re-manning walls too sparsely held, and organizing for a new advance. The simile is borrowed, but is truer than any I could invent. With his coming, whatever the future might hold, our own captains would have fulfilled the task they undertook, and a very gallant venture would have been crowned with success.

" 'I know that the most lasting victories may be won through what the world would call defeat. "The gods are nourished by sacrifice", and we are warring for the gods. Perhaps Gordon, murdered in Khartoum while Wolseley's column was still held back, may have been able to look beyond his own death, and the fall of all he had laboured to upbuild, to the triumph of Kitchener fourteen years later. Perhaps he may have seen that, in the end, his death would do for the Soudan more than his relief could do; and realizing this he may have been content to die. But I do not think his servant, who loved him, could have been expected to share in that content. He must have prayed daily for the relief that did not come.

" 'Would it have been better for the world if Roland had been relieved at Roncesvalles? had Jeanne d'Arc been spared her martyrdom at Compiègne and Rouen? Are there low-rank angels, servants of the servants of the Mysteries, perhaps still young and "of little brain", so that they love without knowing what or why they love, who ask if the whole world was worth its cost of Calvary? Do their elders sometimes ask the same? Or does there come a time when the mystery is mystery no more, when the riddle is read from the other end, and Calvary shines forth, so radiant in the splendour of the spirit's self-fulfilment, as to be worth its cost of the whole world,—yes, so that it atones for the whole world, and reconciles the beholder to it?

" 'Fortunately, such questions need not concern me. As Jeanne herself said, the men-at-arms are to fight, and God will give the victory. The strategy of the campaign, whether relief is to be sent or withheld, rests with the High Command. Their duty is not mine. To fight means to strive for victory—not delayed, not

wrapped in defeat, not purchased by the martyrdom of those above me—but immediate, manifest, and at the minimum of cost to those we serve. To fight is to pray; and the coming of the Lodge Messenger would be the answer to my prayer.

" 'Beyond that, I doubt whether there is much that he could do for me. What could Lord Wolseley have done for General Gordon's servant? He could bring Gordon other servants, able to serve him better: but could he make this servant a better servant? I am convinced that everything that can be done for me is being done, that I am given every aid I am willing to accept. Over and over again this has been proved to us: there is no limit to what is offered; the only limits are in our power to receive. Doubtless one coming newly from the Lodge would bring new light to me, a new ray falling at a new angle; and with this there would be new shame for what it would reveal,—of ways and standards I had known but permitted myself to forget; of opportunities neglected until they were lost; of needs I could have met had I not been too self-absorbed to see them; of weakness and failure and faithlessness, the worst where most unconscious. But even as things are, there is no day in which the Master lets me lack the light with which to shame my sins. What reason have I to think I should make better use of more? The lack is not in the light, but in the response to it, in the will that is so much my own that none but I can move it. That is the terror of self-will; before it the gods themselves are impotent.

" '(2) For the T.S.? It would have to be hardened and tempered before it could do the work that the next Lodge Messenger will have to do. It has maintained a clean mould, a skeleton organization, which is of inestimable value; but the material that fills it is for the most part soft. If it could not be tempered, it might have to be run off, and the mould refilled with harder metal, capable of being given a better cutting edge. There are not many members, as things are, who could really be counted upon to accomplish results; and it has been suggested that where results are requisite, effective devils would be preferable to ineffective saints. It cannot be a pleasant job to have to control and work with devils; but no one expects the Lodge Messenger to have a pleasant time, and perhaps he would find this no more nerve-wracking than to be responsible for the practical consequences of mere good intentions left to act unguided in a crisis. There is far too much unintelligent devotion and goodness in the T.S. for it to be safe to leave it to itself, and unless there is someone to lead it aright, it is almost certain to be captured by those who will lead it awrong. It might be likened to the arsenal in the beleaguered city of our earlier illustration, which, if the city be not relieved, must be destroyed lest it fall into the hands of the enemy.

" '(3) For the world? "Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked: . . . As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: . . . Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

" 'No verses are more familiar, but the significance of their order is often overlooked. There is nothing one can do for the self-satisfied man, and the Lodge Messenger would knock in vain unless the arrogance of the world, which makes it

both unwilling and unable to learn, be first deflated, and something of humility instilled,—something of the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. One thinks of a passage in one of the letters reported to have been received by Hume from the Master K.H.: "I tell you plainly you are unfit to learn, for your mind is too full and there is not a corner vacant from whence a previous occupant would not arise, to struggle with and drive away the newcomer" (*The Mahatma Letters*, p. 143, revised edition).

" 'Perhaps the "forerunner", he who prepares the way for the bearer of the Lodge message, may not always come in human form. There may be times when the way must be cleared first by great, wide-sweeping forces, like strong winds blowing through the psychic world. "And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind." It may be that the "depression", from which the whole world has been suffering since 1929, is such a wind, blowing in advance of the coming of the Lodge Messenger, to overthrow and chasten the world's conceit, to reveal its wretchedness and blindness, and ultimately to make it less "unfit to learn". It is painfully obvious that the Lord is not in the wind, but even so, it may be preparing the way of the Lord; and to adopt this supposition has at least the advantage of giving us as cheerful an outlook upon our times as it is possible to find. The exasperation with which we have formerly read the daily paper, gives place to an awed admiration. As a demonstration of human folly, we look upon a work of genius.

" 'Yet, even so, it has not yet sufficed for the overthrow of human arrogance. The same sophomoric conceit that marked our boom times and produced the depression, the same naïve conviction that with us all things are new, and that whatever has been need no more be true, the same substitution of psychic fancy for physical and spiritual fact, are engraved even more deeply in every line of the "new deal" that is to end depression. We have entered a world of psychic reflections that has not merely the confusions of an honest "looking-glass world", where right and left are reversed, and the end becomes the beginning, and the plainest print is made illegible. That is what one has when the mirror is held upright at one's own level. But here the reflection is from below—as from a mirror beneath one's feet—from the mind of the *demos*, distraught by unassimilated (and unassimilable) schooling; and in consequence everything stands upon its head, every maxim is reversed, every falsehood preached as truth. We have lived beyond our means, *therefore* we must increase our expenditures; our business is running at a loss, *therefore* we must raise wages; we are bankrupt, *therefore* we must borrow money to redecorate our homes. Billions of dollars must be spent to relieve the unemployed, *therefore* strikes should be fomented, and men forbidden to accept the wages they can get, so that billions more may be paid to the idle strikers. There are nations whose aggression is rampant, *therefore* the rest of the world should disarm. It is dishonest to buy votes with one's own money, *therefore* buy them with the tax-payers', etc., etc. The first need of the world is that it should be jarred out of its psychic debauch, back to sober fact. If the world is to endure, it must be made safe not for, but

from democracy, from popular education and college professors, from the black magic of science, and the priestcrafts that seek profit in perversions of truth.

" 'Frankly, I think it is a task which, if viewed only in the light of reason and "practical politics", might well seem impossible. There is so much that has to be undone, and one no more sees how it can be undone than how one can unbake an apple dumpling. Like Hume's mind, the mind of the world is too full. Too much is known, both true and untrue. How is the mind of the world to be emptied to make room for what it needs to receive? Then, too, the world itself is too full,—too full of people, or of elementals, "born too soon in human shape", whom we mistake for people. It is too full of insects, and of blights of all kinds. In our greed, we have eaten up its forests, destroyed its prairies, its herds and flocks, tapped and drained its resources, and are making deserts all about us. We boast that we have "conquered time and space", but our "conquest" means only that we have overthrown what is essential to ourselves. Without the limitations of time and space, life cannot be supported, and already we have made the world too small for our needs. We no longer find mystery in it, no longer the unknown, so that the spirit shrinks and starves and turns back to the empty husks it had left behind. Unless mankind can be led into the largeness of the spiritual world, it would seem to have reached the point from which it must regress, and where our civilization, like others that have failed, must be swept away, shaken from off the back of the earth, and its habitations left for disinfection under ocean waters or desert sands.

" 'Let us not forget, however, that it is not the way of the Lodge to plan its undertakings on the basis of what seems "practical politics" to us. From the beginning of time it has essayed and accomplished what the world called impossible, seeing and seizing the one chance to which all others were blind.'

"There will be neither time enough this afternoon, nor space in the QUARTERLY, for much discussion of what I have read to you. Possibly, if the subject should prove of interest to our readers, *and they say so*, it might be 'continued in our next'."

"This is not a comment", said the Student; "but I should like to know what people mean when they pray so glibly, 'Thy Kingdom come'."

"This *is* a comment", said the Ancient: "I am wondering to what extent any of us unconsciously 'seek after a sign'. It is difficult to surmount our nature, and it is natural enough, from one point of view, to wish to 'know'—forgetting that the mind can never know; that truth of any and every kind dwells eternally above the mind, and that no one who seeks knowledge for his own satisfaction *can* ever find it.

"Need an Adept?" he continued. "We are surrounded by Adepts! What do I mean? Exactly what I say; but I also mean that there is never a moment when our own Master does not invite us with, 'Draw near, and partake'. Then someone says, 'But I am blind!' And my answer is, 'What of it?' Blind Bartimæus, *while blind*, knew more of Christ and was closer to him, than all but a handful of the thousands who had gazed at him with 'seeing' eyes. Bartimæus

had seen him with the eyes of the spirit, with the eyes of faith; and this does not mean, had made a mental image of his nose or clothes: it means that he had touched him with his heart, and *knew*.

"Brown, in India, many years ago, met and talked with Master K.H.; so did Olcott. You know what they got out of it. In all cases, 'we find what we bring'. And the world would find what it would bring: no less, no more. It does not follow in the least, however, that the world would even hear of the next Lodge Messenger, who might work among the few, silently. It is possible, on the other hand, that he will be commissioned to attack and destroy popular idols,—the world's superstitious faith in 'science', in democracy, in the virtue of peace (as the world understands it); and perhaps in that case, as more than one of your replies suggested, he will come as a Destroyer, clearing the way for future Messengers, that they, when their time comes, may be free to Preserve what is best from the past, and to Create what will be best for the future. We must 'take long views'.

"This much in conclusion: *what is to be, already is*. That is a law of the spiritual world. Only as we are conscious of what already is, though as yet unmanifest, shall we be conscious of it when manifest. Let us remember also that personal contact is not always an aid to understanding, or to appreciation,—far from it. I have a friend whom I have not seen for years, who is closer to me to-day than when our personalities met and sometimes clashed.

"For the Work's sake we must ardently desire that the next Lodge Messenger, or a forerunner, comes quickly—heaven pity him (no one seems to worry much about him!); but not until we see and use our present opportunity in its fulness should we be any better off personally though a dozen Adepts were our daily mess-mates. The Lodge is 'here', and only 'there' when we choose to make it so. It is not by striving and straining that we touch reality; it is by laying our souls with love at the feet of the Keeper of Dreams. From Him we draw strength to fight, though all the odds be against us,—to fight, not for victory, but for Him,—knowing that our failure, if we fight to the last gasp of breath in us, and then fight, dying and dead,—will give Him all He needs to turn His dream (not ours) into the living beauty of a world redeemed." T.

Blind folk see the fairies,
Oh, better far than we,
Who miss the shining of their wings
Because our eyes are filled with things
We do not wish to see.—ROSE FYLEMAN.

REVIEWS

Essays in Zen Buddhism, by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki, Professor of Buddhist Philosophy at Otani Buddhist College, Kyoto, Japan; Luzac and Company, London; price, *First Series*, 1927, 17*s*, 6*d*; *Second Series*, 1933, 20*s*, $5; *Third Series*, 1934, 20*s*, $5.

Professor Suzuki is a scholar of a type seldom represented in the modern West. He is accomplished in the difficult science of translating and collating Sanskrit, Tibetan, Chinese and Japanese manuscripts and documents. But his commentaries reveal the rare gift of a clear and profound understanding; above all, he leaves with the reader the impression that he is actively testing in his own experience the Buddhist truths of which he writes. Certainly there is a minimum of personal reference in his books; but he is, in the truest sense, in love with his subject. To the average Orientalist, the Bodhisattva Doctrine is an historical curiosity which he approaches with the indifference and essential blindness of an outsider. Professor Suzuki, on the contrary, reveals the Mahayana as a way of life, as pertinent now as it has ever been to the needs of the Far East.

Zen Buddhism originated as a Chinese adaptation of the Mahayana. Zen is Dhyana, contemplation. The Western student, even if somewhat familiar with the Indian forms of the Mahayana, is apt to find great difficulty in understanding the Chinese approach to the same fundamental doctrines. This is undoubtedly due, in part, to racial differences, but there is another cause of bewilderment which Professor Suzuki emphasizes. The Chinese often seem obscure to us, just because they are so extremely simple and direct. When the practical Chinese "began inwardly to assimilate Buddhism as the doctrine of Enlightenment, the only course that opened to their concrete minds was to produce Zen. When we come to Zen after seeing all the wonderful miracles displayed by the Indian Mahayana writers, and after the highly abstract speculations of the Madhyamika thinkers, what a change of scenery do we have here? . . . The people you associate with are all ordinary mortals like yourselves, no abstract ideas, no dialectical subtleties confront you. Mountains tower high towards the sky, rivers all pour into the ocean. Plants sprout in spring and flowers bloom in red. When the moon shines serenely, poets grow mildly drunk and sing a song of eternal peace. How prosaic, how ordinary, we may say! but here was the Chinese soul, and Buddhism came to sprout in it."

According to tradition, the Zen School was established by the Indian mis-

sionary, Bodhidharma. The greatest of the early Chinese Patriarchs was Hui-nêng who may be said to have sounded the key-note of all subsequent Zen aspiration. He said:

> My Master had no special instruction to give, he simply insisted upon the need of seeing into our Nature through our own efforts, he had nothing to do with [theories concerning] meditation or deliverance. For whatever could be named leads to dualism, and Buddhism is not dualistic. To take hold of this non-duality of truth is the aim of Zen. The Buddha-Nature of which we are all in possession, and the seeing into which constitutes Zen, is indivisible into such oppositions as good and evil, eternal and temporal, material and spiritual. To see dualism in life is due to confusion of thought; the wise, the enlightened see into the reality of things unhampered by erroneous ideas.

Zen insists upon the uncompromising denial of the rights of the personal man, and holds out no tangible reward to the aspirant save the assurance that, if he persist, he will be worthy some day of sharing in the supreme sacrifice of the Bodhisattvas. Its appeal has been essentially aristocratic from the beginning, and it is characteristic of its spirit that it should have constituted the religious basis of *bushido*, the chivalric code of ancient Japan. At the present time, it is sharply distinguished from the popular Shin sect which promises a concrete paradise to the faithful.

The methods of Zen instruction are quite unique. Frequently the teachers make use of *koans*, verbal formulæ or gestures which are traditionally supposed to induce in the disciple the state of *satori* (Sanskrit, *sambodhi*), enlightenment or inner wakefulness. It is the duty of the teacher to know the "psychological moment" when the *koan* will bear fruit, and also which *koan* should be spoken or enacted. Originally at least, there was no stereotyped form of instruction. The *koan* was improvised, as it were, in response to the eager questioning of the disciple. If the Occidental reader fail to make any sense of the *koans*, this is largely because he misrepresents their nature and purpose. They are not designed to be logical statements addressed to the discursive intellect. Their sole function is to arouse the disciple's intuitive powers to positive action. For example, if a Zen aspirant, after long meditation upon some passage of the Scriptures, has formulated some question which he cannot answer, he awaits the occasion when he can propound his problem to his teacher. Only very rarely does the teacher respond, in ordinary mental terms, to this appeal, for it is the tradition of Zen teaching that the intellect as such cannot solve any real metaphysical problem. The normal procedure is to answer one riddle by proposing another. Therefore, the teacher does not analyze the meaning of the Scriptures. With seeming irrelevance, he will blow out a candle or ask the disciple to stir the fire or, perhaps, rise in apparent anger and drive the disciple from the room. Very frequently the Zen masters who are, in one sense, "Nature-mystics", fasten their disciples' attention upon some familiar natural form or process,—a bamboo-grove, the wild geese flying south in the autumn, a cypress growing in the temple courtyard, a flowering plum-tree, a cloud drifting over a mountain-peak. We have seen these lovely images in Sung painting, though we may seldom have suspected the mystical meanings implicit in them.

It may not be easy to comprehend why or how these *koans* can awaken the disciple to the consciousness of his "Buddha-Nature". However, the following examples should indicate the method, even if our minds, being otherwise oriented, cannot clearly realize what they really signify in the history of Zen.

Sakyamuni was once engaged at the Mount of the Holy Vulture in preaching to a congregation of his disciples. He did not resort to a lengthy verbal discourse to explain his point, but simply lifted a bouquet of flowers before the assemblage. . . . Nobody understood the meaning of this except the old venerable Mahakasyapa, who quietly smiled at the Master. . . . The latter perceiving this, opened his golden-tongued mouth and proclaimed solemnly: "I have the most precious treasure, spiritual and transcendental, which this moment I hand over to you, O venerable Mahakasyapa."

Says P'ing-t'ien the Elder: "The celestial radiance undimmed, the norm lasting for ever more; for him who entereth this gate, no reasoning, no learning." You should know, commented Tsu-ching, that it is through your seeing, hearing, and thinking that you enter upon the path, and it is also through the seeing, hearing and thinking that you are prevented from entering. . . .

Hui-nêng said: "Think not of good, think not of evil, but see what at the moment thy own original features are, which thou hadst even before coming into existence. . . ."

"A lonely hut on the mountain-peak towering above a thousand others, one-half is occupied by an old monk and the other by a cloud; last night it was stormy and the cloud was blown away; after all a cloud could not equal the old man's quiet way. . . ."

"Like a mountain, one character, 'master', stands majestically; on it alone is the standard established for all rights and wrongs in the world; all the waters ultimately flow towards the ocean and pour themselves into it; clouds, massy and overhanging, finally get back to the mountains and find their home there. . . ."

Ling-yün had an insight into the truth by accidentally watching the peaches in bloom. The following is his verse composed at the time:

"For thirty years I have been in search of the swordsman;
Many a time have I watched the leaves decay and the branches shoot!
Ever since I saw for once the peaches in bloom,
Not a shadow of doubt do I cherish!"

S.V.L.

Condamnée à Mort, by Louise Thuliez; Librairie Ernest Flammarion, Paris, 1933; price, 12 francs.

Here is another book written by one of those fearless and self-sacrificing women who, in the early days of the Great War, risked their own lives in order to save the lives of Allied soldiers caught in occupied territory as a result of the rapid advance of the German invasion of Belgium and northern France, in 1914. Almost inevitably it reads (as perhaps all such books must read) something like a romance, for the heroic courage, the quick-witted facing of sudden and terrible dangers, the miraculous escapes, the complete selflessness which made that perilous and physically exhausting life of hourly danger not only possible but actually attractive, are almost too splendid to seem real in times like the present! Anyone who has read the recent *War Memories* of Princess Marie de Croÿ, will remember that Mademoiselle Thuliez was associated with that ceaselessly-active group of men and women who raked the countryside (under the very noses of the Germans) in search of stray British and French combatants, and Mademoiselle Thuliez's account, in the first part of her book, of the life led by these men

while hiding in the Forêt de Mormal, a wide tract of beautiful woodland south-west of Maubeuge, of how she managed to get food to them, of how she finally helped to extricate them when their position became too precarious, of how they were conducted to what was at least temporary safety—all is of absorbing interest. Later, when this work of mercy expanded, and many other men came to the notice of the indefatigable group, the long, hazardous night marches toward the Dutch frontier, the life and death chances which had, in an instant of time, to be decided upon and fearlessly accepted, the hourly risk of betrayal because of the unintentional indiscretions of the very men who were being led, at such frightful risk, to safety and freedom—every word fills us with a kind of breathless admiration. And then the inevitable arrest came, and with it the mockery of the so-called "trial" by the Germans—Edith Cavell's fate has made this same trial well known to us, for she was among the accused. Finally the author of this book was, with others, condemned to death. "Upon hearing the death sentence pronounced against oneself", she writes simply, "the first moment is one of prostration, then it is one of surprise, then of incredulity, and finally of resignation, for with every cross there is always given the corresponding strength to bear it." After a period of some weeks of imprisonment, chiefly at St. Gilles in Brussels, during which several of her companions were executed, her own death sentence was commuted to "forced labour" for the rest of her life, and then, after further delays, Mademoiselle Thuliez was transported to the prison of Siegburg in Germany, and there she remained until the end of the War. Her account of her prison life, her comments on the neglect by the Germans and their vicious treatment of those among the Allied prisoners who fell ill, is valuable evidence regarding German methods of conducting "civilized warfare", and the overwhelming bitterness which she felt when, on her return home after the Armistice, she found a devastated if "victorious" France as compared with the "conquered" but perfectly intact Germany which she had just left, is a sentiment with which all readers of the QUARTERLY will profoundly sympathize. A preface by General Weygand adds to the interest of the book and to our own sense of indebtedness to Mademoiselle Thuliez for this graphic and stirring account of her Wartime experiences. T.D.

Escape from the Soviets, by Tatiana Tchernavin; Hamish Hamilton, London; price, 7*s*. 6*d*.

This reviewer bought two books about Soviet Russia because they were praised most highly on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, and seemed to promise a truthful statement of conditions as they are, instead of the misleading half-truths which newspaper correspondents are obliged to supply so long as they wish to retain the Soviet's permission to remain in Russia. The book by Mme. Tchernavin is to be recommended for the benefit of those who have been misled, and who fail to realize that Russia, under its present rulers, is the most perfect existing specimen of Hell on earth. Mme. Tchernavin describes more than the escape of herself, her husband and child from the horrors of their existence;

she describes "normal" life and prison "life" in Russia as well—a complete picture. It is terrible reading, and because this reviewer has never had any illusions about the fiends in human form who, having murdered the Czar and his family, took their place as Russia's Autocrats,—he did not think it necessary to make himself ill by sharing the author's torments for long. In other words, he skimmed the book, but with sufficient thoroughness to wish that all the Parlour Pinks, Brain Busters, and New Era-ites (New Termites) who afflict us here, might be forced to read it,—and then, if that were not enough, might be persuaded or bribed to go and live for ever in the land where their dreams have already come true.

The other book, we cannot recommend. It is written by a correspondent of the English *Manchester Guardian* who went to Moscow prepared to be "liberal-minded" about the Great Russian Experiment. He was disillusioned, and returned to England to tell the truth as he had seen it. Whether he stayed in Russia too long, and thus became coarsened by contagion, or whatever the explanation may be, the language and manner of his book are not only brutal, but vile to the point of being unreadable. His excuse presumably would be that he describes vile things—under the head of sex especially. But we do not believe that good can be accomplished by sinking to the level of a pig-sty.

The same unfortunate mistake is made by another English author, Ivor Brown, who attacks modern immoralities and idiocies with skill and immense vigour, but who uses language which *ought* to make it impossible for any decent woman, of any age, to read him. Dante described Hell with unequalled realism, but without a trace of coarseness. Those who would stand for decency or for righteousness (if that really be their motive), defeat their own ends by adopting the verbal depravities which are one of the hall-marks of those whom they condemn. T.

Saint Birgitta of Sweden, by Edith Peacey; Washbourne and Bogan, London; price, 12*s*, 6*d*.

"To-night there will be born a child to whose voice the whole world will one day listen in admiration."

These are the opening words of this book. They were heard by a priest as he prayed for the Lady Ingeborg, the wife of the Lagman Birger Persson. That night of June, 1302 or 1303, we do not know which, Birgitta was born. Her father was a cousin of the reigning King Birger, and was the Lagman of Upland. Sweden, at this time, was divided into five provinces each governed by a Lagman who was responsible to the King alone. The Lagmen sat in the first places of the Council, and administered justice in their provinces. The Lagman Birger Persson codified the laws of Sweden and ruled his province wisely and well. Birgitta and her brother and sister were carefully and lovingly brought up and trained to fill the important duties of their high position.

Birgitta seems to have been a normal, cheerful and singularly sensible child. She was attracted to prayer and often remained in the chapel when the other

children had left. We are told that at the age of ten, Birgitta had her first vision. She awoke from sleep to see a beautiful lady holding a crown in her hand. "Come", said the vision, "and take this crown." Birgitta arose, and the lady placed the crown upon her head.

At the age of twelve, she had another vision. This time, as she was saying her evening prayers, she saw a great light, and in the midst of the light Jesus upon the Cross. She heard a voice saying, "This is how I have been treated." "Oh my dear Lord, who has dared to treat you so?" said Birgitta. "Those who insult me and forget my Love."

At the age of sixteen, Birgitta was married to Ulf Gudmarsson, Lagman of Naarke. Ulf was a very religious man. When they married, he and Birgitta joined the Third Order of St. Francis. They had eight children. Birgitta led a very active life bringing them up and ruling over the province while her husband was engaged in the civil struggles which took place in Sweden. In 1335, Birgitta was called to court to act as Mistress of the Household for the young Queen Blanche de Namur. She remained there for five years, seeing with consternation the decline of the morals and manners of the Court. This was one reason why she and her husband decided to make a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostela. They put on pilgrim clothes and started to walk from Sweden to Spain. It is thought that Birgitta may have heard Tauler preach when she passed through Cologne. On the way back from Spain, at Arras, Ulf was taken very ill. As he felt himself dying, he prayed for more time in which to prepare for death, vowing that he would abandon the world and enter a religious order. He recovered, and, when he returned to Sweden, set about fulfilling his vow. Two years later, he died in a Cistercian monastery.

After Ulf's death, Birgitta put on the Tertiary Franciscan habit and retired to a hermitage in the precincts of the monastery of Alvastra where Ulf had died. All of her children were provided for. Some of them were married. One son, Benedict, also died as a monk at Alvastra. She was free to give herself entirely to the religious life. In her retirement she practised so many austerities that her confessor was obliged to forbid her to do so. At this time she had many spiritual experiences and her mission began. It was to be a most disagreeable one. For the rest of her life she was to receive orders to reprove Kings and Popes, to rebuke the lax clergy and to admonish the erring. It must be a proof of the real humility of Birgitta that such a mission could have been entrusted to her.

She now received the Rule of an Order which she was to found, the Order of the Most Holy Saviour. It was to be composed of two communities: one of enclosed nuns, one of monks. The whole Order was to be ruled by an Abbess. The two communities were to use the same church, but the nuns were to sit in a gallery above the monks. "The spiritual foundation of the Order is to be humility; but learning is not to be despised. The priests are to devote their time to study, prayer, and preaching the gospel to the people. The nuns are to divide their hours between meditation, prayer, and useful work."

Birgitta obtained the approval of the Archbishop of Upsala and the Bishop of Aabo, and laid the foundation stone of the new monastery in 1346. Her work

did not go forward without opposition. Birgitta had sharply rebuked the King. She was insulted by the nobles and preached against by the clergy. She now received two revelations. One was a message to the Kings of France and England telling them to make peace. The other was to the Pope at Avignon, bidding him return to Rome. She was also told to go to Rome herself and to await his return. In the autumn of 1349, Birgitta and a few devoted followers arrived in Italy. The Rome of this time was the one described in Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*, a city deserted by the Pope and clergy, and fought over by the powerful barons. Birgitta was to witness the rise and fall of Rienzi.

In Rome, Birgitta, who had always been studious, took lessons in Theology and Latin. She went among the poor, trying to help them. She sat upon the steps of the convent of the Poor Clares and begged her bread. Three of her children joined her, Birger, Katarina, who became a saint herself after her mother's death, and Karl. Karl was a very gay and dissolute young man. He died after a scandalous adventure in Naples. For many years Birgitta continued to send messages to Avignon, to reprove the clergy, to scold the Queen of Naples and to be thoroughly annoying. She had, at the same time, a great influence over many good and devoted people who were willing to listen to her. She appears to have been a charming and pleasant person, with humour and great good sense.

At last, in 1367, Pope Urban the Fifth returned to Rome and part of Birgitta's work seemed to have succeeded. She transmitted many revelations to the Pope and to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, who listened to her with respect but did nothing more. The Cardinals, who wanted to return to France, did all they could to disparage her. In 1371, the Papal Court returned to Avignon, and her mission seemed to have failed. However, she was not discouraged, but continued to admonish Urban and his successor. Niccolá Soderini, the Florentine, probably spoke often of his Swedish friend to St. Catherine of Siena, who was to carry on Birgitta's work to its desired conclusion.

In 1371, Birgitta and her household left for the Holy Land. These long journeys were probably more common in the Middle Ages than we think. Shortly after they returned to Rome, in 1373, Birgitta died. Her remains were carried back to Sweden. All through Europe crowds of people came to view her coffin and to venerate her relics. Birgitta had performed many miracles during her life, and was generally considered a saint. Her body was at last laid to rest in the Abbey of Vadstena which she had founded. Seventeen years later Birgitta was officially canonized. At the Reformation, Vadstena was sacked and the bones of the saint thrown out in the dust. The Brigittines were dispersed and exiled.

Edith Peacey, who writes this book, is a nun of the Brigittine Order in England. Her book is, of course, written from the orthodox Roman Catholic standpoint. It is in a cheerful narrative style which barely escapes sentimentality, and while it gives a picture of the life of the day and of the surroundings of the saint, it unfortunately does not quote her own words sufficiently. One would like to know her own impressions and experiences more directly. Birgitta wrote her

Revelations and a number of hymns. However, the book does give one the picture of a powerful, devoted and illumined soul. Few saints have had such experience of different conditions of life as Saint Birgitta. She had eight children and ruled a province. She had been at court and had begged her bread in the streets. The obedience of Saint Birgitta to her highest vision, her humility, her immense common sense and her charity, contain lessons for everyone, and should interest students of Theosophy who are seeking for the Real wherever it may be found. St.C.LaD.

Monarchy, by Sir Charles Petrie; Eyre and Spottiswoode, London, 1933; price, 10*s*, 6*d*.

French Royalist Doctrines since the Revolution, by Charlotte Touzalin Muret; Columbia University Press, 1933; price, $3.00.

Experience testifies that the hierarchical principle is fundamental and universal in Nature. Every existence is a manifold dominated by a monad, a gradation of energies maintained in equilibrium by their common subjection to a superior force. Thus the human being is a hierarchy of states of consciousness which ought to be co-ordinated by the superior force of the soul.

A nation is no exception to this universal rule. It is composed of groups and individuals, corresponding to the organs and cells of a physical body, each with its proper functions, its line and degree of evolution. A true national life is only possible in the measure that these elements are harmonized and unified by a central authority. The binding power of custom is insufficient. There must be a government organizing the nation's resistance to foreign invasion, and preserving it from internal disruption.

Many students of Theosophy believe that there is only one form of government perfectly adapted to real human needs, namely the rule of an Adept King. There is a tradition that in the infancy of the race the dynasties which reigned over the nations were of divine or semi-divine origin; and that in some future which may not be very remote, the Royal Sages will return to govern mankind as in the beginning. But before that can happen, men must have lost the last vestige of faith in their fitness to govern themselves. An ideal government without ideal citizens is a Utopian dream—and nothing more. Every government, of which there is historical record, has been a makeshift, an imperfect thing, for a nation has the form of government which it desires and which it deserves. This does not mean, however, that some forms are not more rational and more conformable to the order of Nature than others. Democracy, for instance, may be described as a disease of the body politic, and it is no more desirable, from a sane standpoint, than an attack of measles, though, like measles, it may have a necessary purgative function in the life of nations. Disease is sometimes a means of removing poison from a system, and must be held in respect as a natural process; but it is also "natural" to prefer health to disease, and it is a hopeful omen that an increasing number of people in Europe and America are diligently trying to imagine some form of government, some central authority,

better equipped than parliamentary democracy to restore national life to a semblance of health. Unfortunately too many fancy that the only substitute for democracy is some form of despotism or communism, the tyrannical rule of a dictator or of a faction. In truth, such a "cure" may be worse than the disease.

The great value of Sir Charles Petrie's work is that he points to an obvious solution of the problem, obvious at least for those nations which have kept intact a monarchist tradition. He recommends the restoration and re-enforcement of the monarchical form of government which has actually been tested by human experience for thousands of years, and which has been so closely identified with the history of Christian Europe. As Sir Charles shows, if England and France had not been monarchies during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, European civilization could never have revived from the catalepsy which followed the collapse of the Roman Empire. The dynasties of England and France, with rare exceptions, united their interests with the interests of the nation as a whole. The royal family was one with the state. The supreme service of the kings was to prevent one faction from gaining control of the nation and from exploiting its resources for selfish advantage. They protected the weak from the strong, represented the principle of justice, and preserved the continuity of the national tradition. Thus the early kings fought the barons, and the later kings fought religious fanatics and lawyers and magnates. Sir Charles points to the existing political confusion in the French Republic as a direct consequence of the rejection of the French royal house, for France is torn by factions, and there is no real central authority to control them. He argues that in spite of fair appearances England has never recovered from the shock of the rebellion against the Stuarts which culminated in the rise of the Whig aristocracy.

> The real Whig, and the Liberal, wishes the Crown to be a mere figurehead, like the Doge of Venice, and . . . this conception of its functions is unfortunately held by many a Conservative to-day. . . . Those who wish to know the exact benefits which the "Glorious" Revolution conferred upon the British Isles would do well to forsake the glowing accounts to be found in the pages of Macaulay, Trevelyan, and Oldmixon, for the study of the Newgate Calendar, the pictures of Hogarth, and the working of the Penal Laws in Ireland.

Sir Charles contrasts the famous British Constitution of modern times with the balanced hierarchical order of the mediæval feudal state.

> At the apex of the pyramid stood the monarch, the symbol of the nation as a whole, and as the representative of which he was, after his coronation, the Lord's anointed. He was not a despot, bound by no laws other than those of his own making; rather he was an integral part of the system of which he was the head. His crown was the emblem of his trusteeship for his people, and his rights and duties were as exactly defined as those of his subjects. This was, indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of Feudalism: every man and woman had a definite place in society, which was responsible to them as they were to it.

It is clear that Sir Charles Petrie is a Tory, in the oldest and purest sense of the word. That is one reason why his book makes such refreshing and stimulating reading. It is a profound relief to find someone who is so singularly free

from modernistic delusions of every kind. Even his prejudices have their charm, the charm of the unexpected. His conception of the United States suggests, however, that his chief sources of information are Hollywood and the novels of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis.

> Politics [in the United States] have become corrupt to an extent unparalleled even in republican history, and to-day the gangster, spiritual brother of the Chinese war-lord and spiritual descendant of the mediæval *condottiere*, is the dominant factor. . . . The Civil War destroyed the balance between North and South, and stamped indelibly the Puritanism and materialism of the former upon the whole country. Now with the passage of time, Puritanism as an ethical code has been abandoned, and only materialism remains. All the available evidence goes to show that the United States is an immature society already in dissolution, and there can be small doubt that bad as is its political and economical condition, its moral state is far worse. It is true that the same observation applies to Europe, but Europe at least has a code, even if it is only too often ignored, while the United States has none.

These words are not without justification, but they do not contain the whole truth. Also they suggest no way of escape, for even Sir Charles cannot imagine the establishment of a monarchy in the United States. We venture to add that those Americans who believe most firmly in the superiority of monarchy as a principle, could conceive of no worse fate for their country than the "coronation" of one or another of their politicians. Facts must be accepted as they are, and it is a fact that ever since its birth as a nation the United States has been entangled in a democratic *karma* or destiny. One may still hope that some day it will evolve out of this condition. The diseases of nations, like those of individuals, are not necessarily incurable.

This reflection leads us to the consideration of Madame Muret's excellent book. She has prepared a manual of the ideas of the leading exponents of royalist theory in post-revolutionary France, from Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand to Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet. Her attitude is detached throughout, and the extent of her personal sympathy with royalist views is unrevealed; but she presents those views clearly and logically. In our opinion, the documents which she cites serve as an admirable commentary upon Sir Charles Petrie's general doctrine. This is especially true of the work of Joseph de Maistre who upheld monarchy as the form of government specifically designed for man by God. It is, moreover, the form "to which society will always tend to return", just because it represents the natural and the normal. But men have a tragic propensity to fall away from the natural and the normal. When this occurs in a society, other and lower forms of government, corresponding to the fallen state of the citizens, come into existence. They have a punitive and corrective function. Maistre believed, for instance, that "the Revolution was sent as a punishment and lesson to the French people for their impiety."

One great advantage of the monarchist state is its continuity. Because it is the expression of a living tradition, it does not live for the present alone. It respects past experience and profits from it, and it does not heedlessly mortgage the future. As some of us know only too well, the politicians of a democracy

constantly act as if their nation had no past and no future. It is the fashion for each party or faction, when it assumes power, to denounce all the deeds of its predecessors and to reject whatever wisdom these may have acquired. Therefore, whereas the "bad karma" of a political error or crime in a monarchy may be tempered by the "good karma" of past virtues, a democracy must frequently face full and immediate retribution for its mistakes. Under democratic rule, the karma of the nation as a whole may be eclipsed, as it were, at any given moment, by the karma of the faction which is in control. V.L.

Nazi Means War, by Leland Stowe; Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1934; price, $1.50.

To believe that "nobody wants war to-day", one would have to be an ostrich with abnormal powers of continuing to breathe with one's head in the sand. Nevertheless, despite the spectacle of German violence past and present, Nazi "putsches", and Austrian civil war, there are, especially in this country, thousands of such abnormities. They would do well to read this little book.

Mr. Stowe begins by contrasting Hitler's two "voices", the one which speaks for foreign ears, saying, "Germany wants nothing but peace", and that which speaks continually for Germans. He quotes from the unexpurgated German edition of Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*.

> The question of recuperation of German power is not how we can manufacture arms. Rather it is, how can we create the *spirit* which renders a people capable of bearing arms? When this spirit dominates a people, will power finds a thousand ways, each of which leads to a weapon. . . . Not until the Germans have realized that they must engage in an active and final conflict with France will it be possible to bring the fruitless struggle to a conclusion—on condition, however, that Germany sees in the extermination of France a means of providing her people with the necessary room for expansion. . . . There are eighty million Germans in Europe to-day. This policy will be recognized as the correct one when in less than one hundred years from now the continent of Europe is inhabited by 250,000,000 Germans.

Mr. Stowe proceeds to describe the methods by which the government is rapidly preparing this happy state.

> There are more than 1,300,000 uniformed men in Germany to-day—a round million after the regular army and Prussian police have been deducted. If you estimate the adult population of the Third Reich at 50,000,000, and its masculine proportion at one-half that figure, the mathematical result is simple enough. At least one out of every twenty-five German men wears a uniform, or to be conservative, say one man out of every twenty-eight.

There are, apart from the regular army, the Reichswehr and the Prussian police, the Brown Shirts, the Black Coats, the Steel Helmets and the Labour Corps. The organization of this last resembles that of Mr. Roosevelt's forestry camps for the unemployed, except that the young unemployed Germans are given military training and are building new military roads all over the country. Also, all German students are required to spend from two to six months in the

Labour Corps. Under the guise of sporting organizations there are automobile clubs, the members of which are obliged to furnish their cars when called upon. There are the Air Sports and Air Protection Leagues which provide planes and train pilots and flyers. All these bodies are organized in military fashion, and can be merged with the regular army at once. The author discussed this with an official of the German foreign office. This personage said that they were "no more militaristic than American football teams". The Germans always count upon the stupidity of the Americans and English. They are probably right.

The German universities have been provided with professors of military subjects, whose courses are, for the most part, required. Professor Banse's book, *The Science of Military Defence*, was banned because of its effect upon the world outside of Germany, but the Professor himself continues to instruct his students in its principles. One quotation from this work is enough.

> Biology will stamp it (the next war) as an exterminating fight of entire nations. . . . Methods to be considered are infection of drinking water and other water with typhoid bacillus; also the introduction of typhoid fever through fleas and of plague through artificially infected rats. By landing in the back regions of enemy countries and discharging carriers of disease, airplanes, especially, should achieve *very favourable results*.

Not only is the German male population being trained in tactics, machine-gun fire and forced marches, but little boys in school belong to the "Hitler Jugend", and are marched up and down in uniform and drilled in throwing hand grenades. Stowe describes the unveiling of a monument to the Archangel Michael (!) where several hundred children were assembled. Among other things their leader said to them: "We do not want to speak the warm words of peace here. Our words are dictated *by the terrible appeal* of war. Young crew, raise the hand of oath before the monument which is dedicated to *the sublimity of bloodshedding*."

Mr. Stowe goes on to discuss the question of Germany's power to equip its armies, the manufacture of munitions, the conception of the Totalitarian State, the German psychology, and the prospects for war in the near future. He ends his book with a chapter entitled "If War, What About America?" If what he says about America be true, we ought to be bowed with shame.

> Can we be indifferent to the self-destruction of the old world? . . . It appears accurate to state that the temper of the American people to-day registers overwhelmingly against any governmental action which is likely to necessitate the dispatch of a second American Expeditionary Force across the Atlantic.

He says that if we do not participate, but remain neutral, we should refuse to make money by the sale of munitions and supplies; but he doubts whether, in our present condition of financial stringency, we would do this. There is never a question in his pages of right or wrong, or of the justice of a cause for which one ought to fight. Peace at any ignominious price is the ideal. After describing so accurately the bloodthirsty, aggressive temper of the Germans, Mr. Stowe suggests that we should refrain from assisting their victims. The German spirit is the embodiment of the uncivilized and bestial, but is the spineless, selfish pacifism attributed (and we fear rightly) to America, any more civilized and

human? Alas, they are both aspects of the same thing and lead to the same end. Not once does Mr. Stowe mention Germany's conduct in the Great War,—the same careful preparations, the same psychology, the use of poison gas, the atrocities in Belgium and France. Why should Germany's preparations surprise us now? He sympathizes warmly with Germany over the "cruelty" of the Versailles Treaty, although its obvious defect was that it did not provide for Germany's complete dismemberment.

However, disagree as one must with Mr. Stowe's principles—or lack of them—his facts are so important that his book should be widely circulated.

St.C.LaD.

God Mends, by Henry Myers; John M. Watkins, London; price, 2*s.* (75 cents).

It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate John M. Watkins once more on the high standards he maintains as a publisher. At a time when book-publishing, like newspaper-publishing, is sinking to the level of a commercial enterprise, he has clung to what may properly be described as the aristocratic principle of *nil nisi pro bono publico.*

This little book, simply and clearly written, is based on the injunction: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It was written primarily for those who are ill and suffering, but should be helpful, not only to them, but to all who find it difficult, in this Iron Age, to keep fast hold of spiritual realities. It is theosophical in tone and outlook, entirely unsectarian, unpretentious. We are in hearty accord with its recommendation of the use of *mantra*, which some would call "ejaculations", others, "affirmations",—so long as these express the truth, not lies.

In objection to its main thesis—that love of the Divine Will would induce bodily health—there are those who will ask: why did so many of the great saints suffer physically? We suggest, in reply, that much of their suffering was vicarious; secondly, that when spiritual growth has far out-run the stage as yet reached by physical organisms, the strain on the outer body may well become disruptive. We believe, on the other hand, that when the intermediate condition has been passed (and even the great saints had not passed it), and when adeptship has been attained, perfect balance between inner and outer forces, with resulting bodily vigour, becomes the normal state, long out-lasting the ordinary span of life. In any case, *God Mends* was not written either for great saints or for adepts, but for the many; and we wish greatly that the many might be persuaded to read it.

T.

The Universe of Light, by Sir William Bragg; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, $3.50.

Readers of the QUARTERLY will remember that, particularly of late, a great deal has been written in it concerning modern physical science—references may perhaps specially be made to "Notes and Comments" of October, 1933,

and January, 1934. Therefore, if they have not already seen this recent work of Sir William Bragg (internationally known for his brilliant experiments in radiation, for which he received the Nobel Prize), they will be sure to find it stimulating. One object of the book is to give a summary of the earlier researches in the field of physics, so as to make the present-day developments, from which they have sprung, the more comprehensible to those who have not been able to follow the course of science step by step. The natural starting point is the three-hundred-year old rivalry between the two theories of light: the corpuscular and the pulse, later known as the wave theory. These, of course, at once recall to us the names of Newton and of Huyghens, but also of others—Young and Fresnel, whose researches did so much to solve preceding difficulties; of Crookes, so often referred to in *The Secret Doctrine*, and many more. The reconciliation of these two early and apparently opposed hypotheses is now being reached by accepting both. The foremost physicists of to-day believe that both may be true, that in fact each seems actually needed to supplement the other, if observed phenomena are to be explained. Science is apparently beginning to recognize what *The Secret Doctrine* so long ago pointed out: the law of duality in the manifested universe, but a duality springing from a fundamental unity. Light has a duality of expression or habit, but, says Sir William Bragg, the "greatly differing phenomena are all manifestations of one principle, the magnificent inclusiveness of which has grown clearer continuously as we have studied the nature of light. . . . The wave and the corpuscle are different aspects rather than different entities. . . . Light in its various forms behaves sometimes like a wave and sometimes like a corpuscle." Light is a familiar phenomenon, showing us the forms and colours of objects which closely surround us, telling us many of the secrets of the almost unthinkably distant sun and stars, and "if the meaning of the word is extended, as may be done with every right and reason, to cover the wide range of radiations which are akin to it, and yet are not visible to the eye, then light is also the great conveyer of energy from place to place in the world and in the universe; . . . it transmits energy which is the mainstay of life, and gives to living beings the power of observation: and it is akin to the matter of which all things animate and inanimate are made. The universe is its sphere of action. We do it no more than justice when we speak of the Universe of Light."

Here is certainly a recognition of an underlying unity in the Cosmos which, as the author himself points out, science, a few years ago, could not have foreseen,—but which Madame Blavatsky long ago predicted it would eventually recognize. It may, however, be said in comment upon the last quotation, that, to the student of Theosophy, it remains an enigma that science still persists in thinking of anything in nature as inanimate. Sir William Bragg, among many other branches of physics, has done most distinguished work in the optical properties of minerals; for instance, making intelligible many otherwise obscure problems for mineralogists and geologists—research work for which the world owes him a great debt. But after so much close observation and careful investigation, how can it still be imagined that the mineral kingdom (as one example only) is inanimate? The amazing rapidity with which minerals respond to the

action of light, is a matter of perpetual wonder. Take a piece of rock (granite, perhaps) which, to the naked eye, may appear to be rather a dull, colourless lump; but cut a thin section of that mud-stained, ragged and rough fragment of the earth's crust, examine it under the microscope, first in ordinary light and then between crossed Nicols, or better still in convergent light—and see what happens! The whole character of that small fragment is instantaneously transformed; it flashes into a wholly new state or condition; in a moment of time you can see that it is actually pulsating with life. The beautiful polarization colours are as indescribably lovely and ethereal as any that one ever sees in the sky at sunrise, and the interference figures, with marvellously delicate tints of the highest orders, show how *alive* are the minerals which compose that rock. It may be argued that it is only the action of the light itself which causes these celestial effects, but throughout nature there is *interaction*, a giving and a receiving and a giving back again, and a *dead* thing (dead in the accepted meaning of the word—that which is inanimate) is incapable of such transfiguration; it is incapable of a response to light or to anything else. The author himself admits that, when exposed to X-ray analysis, "every crystal writes its own signature,"—and what more could we ask? The fact is that science has yet to discover what Theosophy has taught throughout the ages: that there is no place in nature for the word "inanimate"; that every atom is intensely alive in its own degree, and at its own evolutionary point. Manifested nature is "embodied consciousness"—that is the Mystery Teaching of the past as of all time.

This lack of appreciation of one of the fundamental tenets of Theosophy does not, however, lessen our interest or our sympathy with what, in general, this book has to tell us, for it carries what will seem to many of us a hopeful message—one which points toward some of the archaic truths of the Wisdom religion. "This widening of our view of the nature of things is surely one of the most remarkable consequences of modern research," we read. "No one could have anticipated this fundamental universality. A lifting of the mist has shown us links and similarities in the prospect where we imagined separations and differences. . . . If, as in our present case, there are contradictions which perplex us, they must be due to imperfections in our theories and illustrations: and we need not strain overmuch to resolve them. The resolution will come in its own time, when research has added to our knowledge and lifted our minds to higher points of view. Meanwhile we have come into possession of a wonderful principle which unites all forms of radiation and all kinds of matter."

So ends the book, and we lay it down with regret that we have finished it. It has not, perhaps, been altogether easy reading to the scientifically uninitiated, but it has been delightful throughout. It is written with simple directness, and with a wide and liberal point of view, and we feel that the spirit we find in it is one result of what the world knows to be Sir William Bragg's publicly expressed convictions: unlike so many of his scientific colleagues, he firmly believes in the immortality of the soul, and the divine purpose of Creation. That is, no doubt, what the student of Theosophy instinctively feels to be at the root of all he has written in *The Universe of Light*. T.D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 389.—*What is the extent and scope of karmic influence? Does it apply to the Universe or only to man? Do animals come under karmic law?*

ANSWER.—Karma has been defined as cause and effect. The literal meaning of the word is "action". It is universal, in all worlds and on all planes. Mr. Judge, in the chapter on "Karma" in the *Ocean of Theosophy*, says: "Ceaseless in its operation, it bears alike upon planets, systems of planets, races, nations, families, and individuals. . . . No spot or being in the universe is exempt from the operation of Karma, but all are under its sway, punished for error by it yet beneficently led on, through discipline, rest, and reward, to the distant heights of perfection."

Man being endowed with free-will, is not only subject to the consequences of his past acts and choices, in this as well as in previous lives, but is able by his present acts to expiate his past and form his future Karma. The acceptance of the doctrine merely as an intellectual concept is of no avail; it must be acted upon. If a man were once thoroughly convinced of its truth, he would become a conscious co-operator with the "Good Law" in the thoughts and acts of his every-day life. By so doing he would help to lift the heavy Karma of the world which bears so painfully upon those Great Ones who have unselfishly renounced the reward they have earned, to remain in contact with the world for its eventual salvation. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—We have been told that the law of Karma exists only in the world of duality; therefore it cannot with accuracy be spoken of as universal, unless by that term we mean the manifested universe. Masters, having risen far above these lower worlds, are no longer subject to it, but no doubt even high chêlas still have Karma of a sort to work off. An Avatar, we are told, returns *voluntarily* to life on this earth, not because of karmic necessity; it is the divine compassion of a Master which draws him; whereas the average man, still under the "maya" of duality, and therefore still "condemned to the circle of necessity", is obliged to come back into incarnation again and again, owing to his personal or national Karma, or both.

As animals belong to the planes of duality, they would, of course, be subject to karmic laws, although these would apply more to the species or group, than to the individual. It is altogether likely, however, that the highly developed animal (such, for instance, as a dog, remarkable for his intense fidelity), might have begun to weave his own Karma, owing to the fact that he had advanced, far ahead of his kind, toward a knowledge of good and evil.

T.A.

ANSWER.—Above, below and everywhere must be the extent of karmic influence, applying both to the Universe and to man, and this would naturally include all animals, according to their nature and type. In a beautiful old classic we read: "He who would escape from the bondage of Karma must raise his individuality out of the shadow into the shine; . . . lift himself out of the region in which Karma operates. . . . The initiate has the right to demand the secrets of Nature and to know the rules which govern human life. . . . Therefore you who desire to understand the laws of Karma, attempt first to free yourself from

these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by those laws." R.P.

QUESTION NO. 390.—*What is the best way to bring to non-Theosophists the principles which guide the Society through the present universal unrest and distress and which are so frankly declared to us through the* QUARTERLY? *If they refuse to read the* QUARTERLY, *are words any use at all?*

ANSWER.—It has often been said that the best, in fact the only way to bring theosophical principles to others is by living in accordance with them and so making them a part of ourselves, making them ours to give. If we lived by them truly, the inherent drawing power of these principles would make others desire them. There is never any use in trying to give a man what he does not want. Often, however, a truth is rejected through prejudice, not against the truth spoken but against the terms in which it is clothed. Those who have really lived by principles, gain a knowledge of their essence that gives power to translate them into the terms and analogies most appropriate to the particular hearer. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—There are as many ways of appealing to people as there are people themselves. We can see that, by the appeals made by the Buddha and by the Master Christ, not to mention others. In its field the QUARTERLY, also, presents varied aspects of the wisdom religion of life. Just because a person refuses to read the magazine does not in itself mean there is no opening for bringing forward theosophical principles and standards. Some people immediately shy away from anything that bears the *label* of Theosophy. We need not wonder nor be discouraged by that, when we consider the number of pseudo-Theosophists, and of organizations calling themselves theosophical, which parade before the world. One way of bringing right principles and standards to the attention of a person is to do so in terms of *his* experience, and in language intelligible to that experience. As is said in *Fragments*, it "is not to give of our light to another, *but to illumine his own*". Of course, there will be times when words will not be of "any use at all". But we are not called upon, at least as yet, to reform all who cross our path. We are most decidedly called upon to reform ourselves; and to the extent we do so and live that reformation, we shall, by example, influence others to some degree of emulation,—often after words have failed. G.M.W.K.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64, Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East Eighth Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half-past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T.S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.